

DARK HORSE

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1

INT. TALKSHOW STAGE - NIGHT

1

JAIR (pronounced Ja-ear) BOLSONARO, candidate for president of Brazil, interviewed by the host, NATALIA, tough, influential --

NATALIA

You know, Senhor, you're not what I expected.

BOLSONARO

Who is?

He knows the best way to deal with vultures is straight-on. And he can dish it out. But there's always a side of him that is playful.

NATALIA

I know men like you. You're not a bad man.

BOLSONARO

-- Thank you --

NATALIA

You love your mother, respect your father, your sisters.

BOLSONARO

--I have four brothers. Three sisters--

NATALIA

You love your wife, your children. I'm sure you revere the holy family and all the saints...get weepy at baptisms, weddings, and funerals....but underneath all that, what are you?

BOLSONARO

Something you've never encountered. A man.

She is thrown by the penetration of this, gathers herself quickly.

NATALIA

(a mischievous grin)

You're a provocateur...

BOLSONARO

What you can't stand -- and the media in this country can't stomach -- is I don't care what you think of me. Only them. I care about them.

He points toward the camera, the audience.

NATALIA

Always complaining about the media. You're on my show, aren't you?

BOLSONARO

The media has always disapproved of me. When they approve of me, you have permission to shoot me in the head...

He means it. Silence --

SHOCK CUT TO:

The title of our movie blares against a black screen:

DARK HORSE

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

1A A MASSIVE CITY CROWD (STOCK IMAGES), far as the eye can see --
-- bird's-eye view -- a sea of people.

-- The colors of Brazil, green and yellow --

The MASS of PEOPLE is like a living organism that sways and undulates...we descend toward the crowd...hear the NOISE.

The ROAR OF THE CROWD rises to fever pitch, then:

SHOCK CUT TO:

1B NEWS IMAGES & NARRATION...a capsule of events in Brazil: 1B

-- In B&W we see the end of the military dictatorship, 1980s.

-- Dozens of Communist/Socialist uprisings highlighted on A MAP of Latin America, spreading like a festering disease.

-- In vivid color: The rise of LULA DA SILVA, a far Left member of the Ruling Party. Lula becomes president in 2003 and leaves office in 2010 very popular until scandals reveal extensive corruption. He is convicted on charges of money laundering and corruption in 2017 and sent to prison.

-- Many attribute Brazil's decline to its humiliating World Cup defeat by Germany, 7-1, in a sport that Brazil has dominated. IMAGES of the game, tears, etc.

-- Despite his criminal convictions, Lula attempts a comeback run for president, but is barred by Brazilian law.

-- In 2018 a new candidate emerges in Brazil. An obscure federal deputy, a 'dark horse' from the Right's 'Beef, Bible, and Bullets' coalition who promises to "Break the System" that has kept Brazil down.

A POSTER IMAGE, grows larger, of JAIR BOLSONARO, our man. Over this, we hear:

PEDRO (REPORTER)

You don't have a chance to win! Why do you waste everyone's time?

*

2

INT. BRAZIL CONGRESS - DAY

2

-- BOLSONARO, tall, handsome, easy smile, quick wit, fiery and funny at the same time, responds to REPORTERS as he heads down the corridor:

BOLSONARO

But I'm gaining ground and you're worried.

PEDRO (REPORTER)

-- We are not worried, sir. We are journalists --

*

BOLSONARO

I see it in your face. You're worried.

PEDRO (REPORTER)

Where are you rushing to? Another YouTube video?

*

FLASH CUT TO:

2A

A YOUTUBE VIDEO: Bolsonaro at the edge of the Amazon forest, pulls the cord on a chainsaw, revs it up, waves it around, smiling, "I'm going to cut these fucking trees!"

2A

(Authors' note: These FLASH CUTS and FLASHBACKS will punctuate our story, giving glimpses that deepen and amplify the narrative.)

FLASH CUT TO:

2B

A YOUTUBE VIDEO: Bolsonaro gives a tour of the home he grew up in. Although humble, it's clear Bolsonaro is proud. "My four brothers and I shared this room...Man, we used to get in fights, you wouldn't believe it!" He shows another room, a primitive dentist's office and dental chair etc. "My father was the local dentist, people couldn't afford to go to the big cities, so he took care of them here..."

2B

BACK TO:

3 INT. BRAZIL CONGRESS - DAY

3

Bolsonaro heads toward an exit door. A Reporter, LARA CLARKE, attractive, opinionated, and very smart, beats him there, fires a question: *

LARA

-- There's rumors the military is behind you --

BOLSONARO

-- Rumors are like farts, they come from assholes --

LARA

-- They say you will reinstate dictatorship --

BOLSONARO

-- "They, they" -- They who? You? You're the ones saying it. It's just you.

-- The NEWSMEN react, this is the feisty Bolsonaro who makes for good copy. Loud, abrasive, in-your-face.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

Listen, I was a serving Captain who put his career on-the-line to attack the military. The generals had me arrested, court-martialed, and imprisoned! My first wife left me over it.

FLASH CUT TO:

3A A NEWSPAPER IMAGE with PHOTO OF younger BOLSONARO IN MILITARY UNIFORM. The article headline reads: "Captain found guilty for criticizing army, given prison sentence!" 3A

BACK TO:

3B INT. BRAZIL CONGRESS - DAY

3B

Bolsonaro continues:

BOLSONARO

(on a roll)

And you call the army my handlers! It's why I entered politics, I was surrounded by corruption! Well now I'm going to do something about it!

He turns to leave, stops, turns back --

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

"Brazil above everything, God above everyone!"

He gives his trademark gesture: Both forefingers pointed, thumbs raised, either firing a gun or pointing out his supporters. FREEZE on BOLSONARO --

CUT TO:

A4 -- A GUN is placed on an outdoor TABLETOP. A .38 -- A4

4 EXT. AN OUTDOOR CAFE - DAY 4

A street corner *bodega*, small town, tin tables, chairs, fast-food, sour beer. Only three patrons...

AURELIO BARBA stuffs his face, seated across from TATO, a thug a little higher up the food chain, and JORGE, sunglasses, menacing, silent. Both look at Aurelio.

Aurelio stares at the gun as he chews.

TATO

No one is special, my friend. All it takes is one of those and the money for the bullets. Two *reais* a piece.

AURELIO

Who cares what the bullets cost?

Tato takes his meaning, responds:

TATO

They'll pay five-thousand. Half upfront.

AURELIO

I was with the Radical Socialists, my friend. Then the F.L.P.

(then, rises, explains)

I was even with the Marxists, but they do too many drugs. The F.L.P. recruited me back, I knocked heads for them. If it needs to be done, Aurelio Barba takes care of it. For the people! For the revolution!

TATO

-- *Bravo!!* --

AURELIO

And let me tell you --

(leans down, conspiratorial)

-- If there's a *filho-da-puta* who deserves to die, it's this Fascist sonafabitch. But you need to get that number up a little, amigo. This is risky shit.

TATO

Seventy-five hundred.

Aurelio settles back in his chair, nudges the gun back toward Tato, leans back.

AURELIO
You do it, Tato. For that kind of money,
you do it --

TATO
-- Ten-thousand. Final offer.

Aurelio nods, thinks a moment --

AURELIO
What about after? What, then?

TATO
I have friends who have friends, my
friend...

AURELIO
Nobody kills a presidential candidate and
walks.

TATO
This is Brazil.

This last is said to comfort him, to reassure. Aurelio isn't buying it.

AURELIO
It has to be perfect, man. No mistakes.

Aurelio wipes his hands on his shorts, grasps the gun, hefts it, spins the chamber, pleased.

AURELIO (CONT'D)
I fire a gun in a crowd, that draws
attention.
(sets the gun down, thinking)
It needs to be silent.
(an idea coming to him)
If I can get close, shake his hand, I can
do it and be gone before anybody knows it.

Tato glances sideways at Jorge at this.

CUT TO:

5	OMITTED	5
6	INT. LIVING ROOM, HOME OF PAULO PONTES - NIGHT	6

The room is dark. We don't see PAULO PONTES straight-on (we will later) but for now he's seated, shadowed, almost silhouette. He's clearly the man-in-charge. With him are:

TATO and JORGE, the latter's sunglasses still worn despite the dimly lit room. They are standing. *

PAULO
This fellow has to be a *kamikaze*, do you understand? He can't survive for questioning...

TATO
Then get someone to wear a suicide vest.
As for me, I can not find such a person.

Paulo rises, paces, irritated, turns:

PAULO
...Will he do it?

TATO
-- He'll do it --

PAULO
Without a gun? How? What's his plan?

TATO
-- Do you really need to know? --

Paulo shakes his head. Dumb question.

PAULO
My associates need guarantees. The nation is at stake.

TATO
His chances of getting away are zero. And he knows it. I've guaranteed twenty thousand to his mother if anything happens to him.

PAULO
Any way we can guarantee something happens to him?

Tato considers --

CUT TO:

7

INT. DEBATE STAGE 1 - NIGHT

7

SIX LECTERNS, SIX CANDIDATES, TV CAMERAS, lights, technicians. A live audience listens to a debate in progress:

BOLSONARO
(speaks into camera)
I had a prepared text for my opening statement tonight but it was the same old crap every politician says...
(MORE)

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
(LAUGHS from the studio
audience)

THE Moderator, a woman named VERONICA, admonishes them: *

VERONICA *

-- Silence, please --

BOLSONARO

-- My name is Jair Bolsonaro. I'm a
Catholic, a father, a husband. I was a
Captain in the military, a congressman,
and now I'm running for President.

He glances to the audience at his wife, MICHELLE DE PAULA,
and his sons, FLAVIO, EDUARDO, and CARLOS, young men from
an earlier marriage.

Bolsonaro takes a moment. His style is conversational,
connecting with people. Not the usual exclamations, raising
of the fists, that typical politicians employ. It's like
he's sitting in a bar talking to friends. Loud, clear, but
not screaming. He doesn't have to.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

(gathers himself)

I believe in God, my family. In fact, I
believe in family so much I have children
from all three marriages.

(this evokes laughter, he
looks down the row of
opponents)

The Far Left is well represented tonight.
Socialists, Laborites, the F.L.P. --
Communists, pseudo-Communists, quasi-
Communists and bearded Communists. The
same catastrophe for the last thirty
years. They see themselves as
revolutionaries like their idols, Fidel
Castro, Hugo Chavez -- but they are
technocrats and bureaucrats, part of a
tired, failed orthodoxy that produces
nothing but despair.

(then, after a moment)

14 million people unemployed, rampant
crime, 60,000 homicides, 50,000 rapes each
year.

(indicates his opponents, who
look back at him)

When you control it and it breaks, you're
responsible. Instead, you offer the same
solutions that got us here in the first
place!

VERONICA *

-- Ten seconds, Mr. Bolsonaro --

BOLSONARO
 (looks into the camera)
 My solution to our problems is simple, but difficult.
 (leans toward camera,
 connects with his audience)
 I'm going to leave you alone -- and protect you -- so that what you've built isn't stolen from you.
 (louder now, continues)
 -- There's nothing that terrifies them more than when you're in control of your own life. I'm going to set you free!

CHEERS and APPLAUSE from the audience. The Moderator,
 VERONICA, shushes them, then:

VERONICA
 Mr. Francisco Alves...

FRANCISCO ALVES
 As the candidate representing the party in power, I make no apologies. I follow in the footsteps of my predecessors --

BOLSONARO
 -- Are they still in prison?
 (then, after a moment)
 I forgot, they packed the Supreme Court to revoke his convictions. But have no illusions, I'm running against the former President, he's calling the shots --

VERONICA
 -- Senhor Bolsonaro! --
 (indicates Alves to continue)

FRANCISCO ALVES
 -- I follow in the footsteps of the Ruling Party -- I'm filled with immense pride at the opportunity to lead the nation with fairness and equity for all! They have laid the path and I will continue on it.

Some applause, stifled by the Moderator. Silence. Bolsonaro grins wryly, unimpressed, and says:

BOLSONARO
 Same shit, new toilet.

A RAUCOUS RESPONSE, most loving it. An angry look from Alves. Bolsonaro shrugs, smiles. As the audience laughs, he looks at Michelle, she's not laughing. His eyes hold on Michelle for a moment, a beautiful woman. He gets lost in a memory...

8, 9, 10, 11 OMITTED

8, 9, 10, 11 OMITTED

FLASH CUT TO:

11A INT. BOLSONARO APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

11A

MICHELLE lies in bed, back against the headboard.
BOLSONARO, still in his suit, just arrived home, sits at the edge beside her. He reaches out, runs a fingertip across her cheek.

BOLSONARO
What is it? Tell me....

He hugs her close. They hold one another there. The easy kind of silence that passes between two people sharing their lives together, a shared stillness.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
What? What can I do?

MICHELLE
You're doing it.

He squeezes her tighter.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
The things they say about you. It scares me. They're trying to provoke someone to hurt you...

BOLSONARO
No one would hurt me. People love me. They can't help themselves.

He's grinning, tossing it aside. Part of his charm.

She buries her face in the curve of his neck and shoulder, breathes out a little, a little shake in her voice.

MICHELLE
Our daughter needs you. I need you.

He kisses her cheek, strokes her hair.

BOLSONARO
Nothing will happen.

He holds her, breathing her in, her hair falling across the back of his hands...

CUT TO:

12 INT. DEBATE STAGE 1 - NIGHT

12

MICHELLE embraces BOLSONARO post-debate.

MICHELLE
I'm very proud of you...

BOLSONARO
Not too many bad words?

MICHELLE
Did you have to say 'toilet'?

She's joking, of course. Bolsonaro gives her a warm peck, then embraces his sons, FLAVIO, EDUARDO and CARLOS.

FLAVIO
Well done, father --

EDUARDO
-- One against five. You ripped them to shreds.

Also present is LUIS ALCANTERA, a politician and supporter of Bolsonaro.

LUIS
Look at them, my friend. Look!

They look across at the opposition, FRANCISCO ALVES with family, and SUPPORTERS, staring across at them. Along with the contingents of the other candidates --

FLAVIO
They've been hit by a sledgehammer.

CUT TO:

13 INT. TALKSHOW STAGE - NIGHT

13

BOLSONARO on the talkshow we saw at the beginning, one-on-one. The host is NATALIA...

BOLSONARO
Populist? What is it with you people and this word? Does it mean I'm popular? Whenever someone you don't like wins, they're a 'dangerous' populist. But when your candidate wins, it's Democracy-in-action!

She changes the subject:

NATALIA
-- What do you value most in your life?

BOLSONARO
My family.

NATALIA
-- Ahh, ok, that's what I was getting to--

BOLSONARO

The people of Brazil are my family, too. So many are suffering, so many have lost hope, I want to do for them as I've done for my own family.

NATALIA

What about the homosexuals?

BOLSONARO

Why does it always comes down to homosexuals? You should ask how I intend to turn things around for the country, you ask about homosexuals!

NATALIA

-- You called them faggots on TV --

BOLSONARO

Many people use such language. Perhaps I'm around real people too much, I'm not as refined as you. I will try to temper my ways.

NATALIA

But when the Gay guy on the show came and sat on your lap.

BOLSONARO

-- You really want to discuss this? --

NATALIA

You laughed. He sat on your lap and you laughed.

BOLSONARO

Because it was funny. I'm a real person, I'm crude, I use bad words, I laugh. So elect me President!

The live audience ROARS with APPROVING LAUGHTER -- Once it dies down:

NATALIA

What about Gloria De Rosales?

BOLSONARO

That's what you want to talk about? You people, you never talk issues --

FLASH CUT TO:

BOLSONARO, with son EDUARDO behind him, talks with the media, a congress-woman stands by, GLORIA, middle-aged, nerdy. PRESS with microphones, cameras, are right there --

BOLSONARO
(to Reporters)
*If a minor commits rape, or murder, they
should be tried as an adult, yes. That's
the vote before the Chamber.*

GLORIA
(injects herself into the
interview)
What about you? You're a rapist!

*She angrily marches toward him. He extends his arm to
stifle her advance.*

BOLSONARO
What are you talking about?!

GLORIA
-- D'you hear me? --

BOLSONARO
You call me a rapist!
(then, to Reporters)
*From the lawyer who represented the worst
rapist in Brazil!*
(gestures to her)
*I haven't raped anyone, and you know it!
And if I did I wouldn't rape you, that's
for sure!*

GLORIA
What is this?! But what is this?!

BOLSONARO
*You call me that because the cameras are
rolling! How dare you!*

GLORIA
How dare you!

*She comes at him again, his extended arm pushes her back
slightly -- not a big push -- but enough to anger her. She
pushes back. Eduardo intervenes to stop it --*

CUT TO:

15 I/E. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

15

BOLSONARO is angry at Eduardo, shouts at him:

BOLSONARO
*You knew she was going to ask me that,
didn't you?! It was an ambush!*

EDUARDO
-- It went fine. You handled it well --

BOLSONARO

-- You're fired --
 (then, after a moment)
 -- They keep showing that stupid clip. I'm
 tired of it. You're fired.
 (to Driver)
 Let me off up here! I'm getting out!!

EDUARDO

You'll get killed in this neighborhood.

BOLSONARO

These are my constituents, amigo. They
 wouldn't kill me!
 (then, to Eduardo)
 You will have nothing more to do with my
 campaign!!

16 EXT. SAO PAULO STREET - NIGHT

16

The car slows, he gets out -- Eduardo, in back seat, can't believe it. He gets out the other side to go around and get his father. At that moment:

BOLSONARO hops back in the SUV, shouts the Driver to: "Go!"

THE SUV pulls away, leaves Eduardo behind, hands held out to his side as if to say, "WTF?". It then does a U-turn, circles back. The door is opened. Eduardo gets in.

17 I/E. SUV - MOVING - DAY

17

A SILENT MOMENT between father-and-son, then:

BOLSONARO

I've decided to rehire you. But at a lower salary.

EDUARDO

I don't have a salary!

BOLSONARO

Still! I'm lowering it!

Eduardo GUFFAWS with LAUGHTER and his father follows suit. He shoves Eduardo, Eduardo shoves back, harder.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

I've fought tougher *bandidos* than you, my friend...

They start wrestling in the backseat. The Driver grins --

CUT TO:

17A INT. SEIZURE ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY

17A

A **SHOVING MATCH** between a young PAULO PONTES and SOLDIERS struggling to position the suspect for a mugshot. Paulo fights fiercely, defiant. Also present are **FEDERAL POLICE**.

*
*

LEGEND OVER SCREEN: **MILITARY POLICE HQ - 1985**

-- PAULO kicks at them, spits venom at the Soldiers:

PAULO
Keep your hands off me! I'll be out of
here in a few hours. Believe it!!

JAIR BOLSONARO, younger, in military uniform, the Captain in charge, crosses from the seizure table (covered with seized drugs), grabs Paulo, pulling him from his men, slams him against the wall.

He's stronger than Paulo, leverages him against the wall.

BOLSONARO
Hold still! Keep quiet!!

Paulo grunts invective at him. Bolsonaro jams his head against the wall, exposing Paulo's tattoo. Holds him there.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Get the photo! C'mon!!

The MILITARY PHOTOGRAPHER steps in, takes a shot of the exposed tattoo and face of Paulo -- FLASHING BULB -- as he's held by Bolsonaro, other SOLDIERS assisting.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Another one!

Another PHOTO.

FREEZE ON PAULO, hold it:

LEGEND OVER SCREEN: **PAULO PONTES aka 'CICATRIZ'. DRUG CZAR. RELEASED 48 HOURS LATER. HE DISAPPEARS FROM BRAZIL.**

END FLASHBACK.

18-28 OMITTED

18-28

*

37 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

37

BOLSONARO, MICHELLE, FAMILY, and STAFF (LUIS) sit at a long table in this packed outdoor restaurant. ZICO (another staffer) plays guitar -- everyone SINGS along. Joyful.

On Bolsonaro's lap is his young daughter from Michelle, LAURA. A beautiful girl who clearly is her father's favorite and vice-versa. She holds a tiny Rag-Doll.

A woman approaches, DOLORES, as beautiful as she is sad and old. She makes a steady beeline for Bolsonaro who sees her coming, people pass left and right before her as she approaches, like a shimmer. She stops, stares at him...

BOLSONARO
What can I do for you, Grandmother?

He calls her 'Grandmother' out of respect. She is no relation. She holds a bag and a Bible.

DOLORES
(eyes on Laura)
...Is this your daughter?

There's something haunted and haunting about Dolores.

BOLSONARO
She's beautiful, ne?

DOLORES
-- So beautiful...Brazil loves you for
your family --

Laura slips off his lap, called to her mother's side. The MUSIC drifts to silence.

BOLSONARO
(to Dolores)
And my sons are there, numbers one, two,
and three...Flavio, a senator. Carlos,
city councillor of Rio. And Eduardo,
Chamber of Deputies. Or is it Flavio,
Eduardo, and Carlos, I get confused...

Laughter at the table, the sons smile, wave to Dolores.

Dolores continues to stare at Bolsonaro. He stands now, before the old woman. She keeps gazing at him.

Everyone at the table is confused, and starting to be concerned. Michelle looks to Luis, why doesn't he send her on her way?

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Do I have your vote, Grandmother?

DOLORES
Much more than that....

Luis steps up, unfriendly --

LUIS
Woman, be on your way!

-- Dolores reaches up, cups Bolsonaro's head in her hands, gazes up at him.

DOLORES

God sent me.
 (moves her hand to his
 forehead)
 A fever is coming.

She pulls a tiny plastic bag of pills -- not commercially made, crude, as if made in her kitchen.

DOLORES (CONT'D)

These will protect you.

She hands him a glass of water from the table.

MICHELLE

Don't, Jair...

He grins, unconcerned, raises the glass to everyone, drinks down two pills. He turns, sees that Dolores has gone.

He looks around, as do the others, but she's retreated down some dark alley.

BOLSONARO

Where'd she go?!

EDUARDO

Gone. Like a ghost!

More LAUGHTER --

-- The MUSIC starts again -- as the others SING Bolsonaro looks at Michelle whose eyes gleam with curiosity at what just happened.

CUT TO:

38 INT. BOLSONARO HOME - NIGHT

38

MICHELLE, in upstairs bathroom, removes her earrings as Bolsonaro undoes his tie.

MICHELLE

What did she mean by a 'fever'?

He shrugs. There's a cross hung on the mirror.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

She said God sent her. There was something about the way she said it.

(beat)

We need to pray, I think...

BOLSONARO

Now?!

(then, after a moment)

(MORE)

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

I'll do my praying standing up, if you don't mind.

Michelle disregards this, moves to the bedroom, kneels beside the bed to pray. He sees her, considers a moment, then goes, kneels beside her.

They pray.

CUT TO:

39

EXT. MAYORAL PLAZA - DAY

39

SCATTERED GROUPS make their way toward a city square.

Legend over screen: **City of JUIZ DE FORA, state of MINAS GERAIS, September 6, 2018**

PEOPLE smile, hopeful, excited. Many are young, and black, from the streets and neighborhoods -- poor people.

Some hold banners, Brazilian flags, a festive atmosphere.

A Reporter we met earlier, LARA CLARKE, youthful, attractive, fashionably dressed, hops out of a BROADCAST VAN curbside, thrusts her microphone at a GROUP OF WOMEN (one named ANA, another teenager named JULIA), young, most of voting age, moving apace --

*

*

LARA

Where are you going?

ANA

To see the Captain, where else?

LARA

(thrusts mic before the others)

How about you? All of you? The same?

JULIA

-- Yes! Yes!! --

*

LARA

Why? What is it about him that excites you?

The Teenager, JULIA, looks at her friend. They giggle. ANA steps up, wants to set the record straight:

*

ANA

The Capi-tan is one of us! We're tired of the same old clowns.

JULIA

-- Same old bullshit! --

*

LARA turns to camera, makes her report:

LARA

(to camera team, viewers)

Well, as we've always known, he's gifted at tapping into populist rage, resentment, and the paranoid sentiments that suffuse social media. His whole campaign is based on fear, and without it he has nothing to stand on and nothing going for him.

CUT TO:

40 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

40

A Suburban SUV drives along a highway in Minas Gerais, heading to a political rally.

41 INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

41

CARLOS reads from a newspaper as BOLSONARO and LUIS listen along with the DRIVER. Also present is ZICO, the guitarist--

CARLOS

"Based on latest polling data, Jair Bolsonaro has 43 per-cent approval to Alves's 46 per-cent, a gain of five points in the last week. At this rate, many predict he could win...at minimum, a close election."

(stops reading)

They're getting scared.

BOLSONARO

They're ahead.

CARLOS

Yeah, for now. But the momentum --

BOLSONARO

-- Stop. We can't think that way.

This rebuke is sharp. Silence. Then, Bolsonaro speaks calmly but firmly:

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

Numbers are horseshit. The Left's stranglehold on the media is worth ten, fifteen points on election day.

(then, gaining steam)

So let's not con ourselves into thinking we're winning, or anything like it -- that makes campaigns timid, we'll start second-guessing ourselves. And 'momentum' is worse. "We got the momentum, can't blow the momentum!" Fuck that shit! D'YOU HEAR ME?!

He's enraged again, face turning purple. Carlos looks at Luis as if to say, "Look at my Dad, he's having one of those episodes..."

CARLOS

Sure, sounds great.

BOLSONARO

-- We are underdogs, we will always be underdogs! We are PROUD to be underdogs. I don't care if we have 90 per-cent in the polls, even after we win! -- We will still be the underdog!

(gestures to Zico)

Now, Zico, get that fucking six-string out and play me a fucking tune before I die from my own bullshit!

They all HOWL with LAUGHTER, Zico starts playing --

41A EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

41A

THE SUV travels. MUSIC can be heard from the Candidate's car.

CUT TO:

42 EXT. MAIN SQUARE, JUIZ DE FORA - DAY

42

-- PACKED WITH PEOPLE, holding signs and banners for Brazil, Bolsonaro, and 'The Captain!'

BARRICADES are moved by POLICE for the SUV, pulling up slowly with motorcycle escort. People CHEER.

43 INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY

43

BOLSONARO in back with son, CARLOS, as campaign staffer, ZICO, plays guitar -- something catchy -- SINGS with the others. Everybody's feeling good --

BOLSONARO

Look at them, look at this crowd!

LUIS

I told you!

44 OMITTED

44

45 OMITTED

45

46 EXT. IN FRONT OF MAIN BUILDING, SQUARE - DAY

46

-- BOLSONARO, car-door held by DOORMAN, emerges, waves at the crowd beyond the barricade. He performs his trademark gesture, pointing both forefingers at them.

AMONGST THE CLAPPING CROWD is a man, unkempt, eyes sharp, focused on the candidate...we recognize him...

AURELIO BARBA watches as someone tosses Bolsonaro a green & yellow 'Brazil' shirt. He hands his jacket off to Luis, puts it on over his dress shirt to smiles and applause.

Aurelio seems amused -- takes it all in.

LUIS barks at the DOORMAN:

LUIS
-- He's speaking on the other end!

DOORMAN
-- They told me to meet you here --

LUIS
-- Dumb sonofabitch! --

BOLSONARO
It's all right, Luis.

47 INT. ENTRYWAY OF MAIN BUILDING - DAY

47

-- Bolsonaro is felicitous of the Doorman as they enter.

BOLSONARO
What's your name, my friend?

DOORMAN
(shocked the candidate is
talking with him)
Me? Fabio.

BOLSONARO
My name is Jair. What party are you with,
Fabio?

Carlos and Luis, Zico, wait patiently, having seen this a thousand times.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
The Ruling Party?

The Doorman nods, shyly. Bolsonaro stops to explain:

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
They tossed you crumbs. You know the
parable, a man asks for food so they feed
him a fish. But the one who really cares
about that person's welfare teaches him to
fish.

(unsure the story landed, he
goes on, they walk further)
How much they pay you here?

The Doorman's seeming apathy is replaced by surprised pleasure. Is the candidate really pitching him?

DOORMAN

Not enough.

BOLSONARO

(stops to make his point)
If I'm elected the economy will bust loose. They'll pay you more or you'll have a better job competing for your services.

DOORMAN

Yes, sir.

BOLSONARO

Call me Jair. And think about voting for me, please. I want your support, Fabio.

Carlos and staff impel the candidate up the corridor, shake their heads. Bolsonaro registers their skepticism, says:

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

I've got his vote, you watch!

We can already hear the MASSES outside CHANTING, clapping in unison: "Bolsonaro! Bolsonaro!!"

48 EXT. IN FRONT OF MAIN BUILDING, SQUARE - DAY 48

AURELIO and others are blocked from entering by POLICE.

AURELIO turns, makes his way through the crowd.

49 INT. MAIN BUILDING - DAY 49

HUGO BETAO, a large jolly black man in fine suit, comes forward, smiling.

BOLSONARO embraces him in a hug --

BOLSONARO

There he is, my brother! *Oi, Tudo bem?*

HUGO

(nods, then)
Tudo Voce?
(Bolsonaro grins, nods)
How about this crowd, eh?

BOLSONARO

Are they here for me, Hugo? Perhaps they're here for you!

HUGO

We are all here for the Captain!

This pleases Bolsonaro. Hugo greets Carlos, the staff.

Carlos pauses to confer with a GROUP OF OFFICERS, and their POLICE COMMANDER, following behind.

HUGO (CONT'D)
(pulls Bolsonaro along)
This way!

Bolsonaro walks beside Hugo as he leads them around an outer corridor. People outside wave through the glass window at him --

BOLSONARO
Everything's ready?

HUGO
-- Everything --

BOLSONARO
Flags? We have flags?

HUGO
-- Of course. Do you have a speech?

Bolsonaro stops, feigns as if insulted.

BOLSONARO
Don't need one, Hugo. I speak from the heart, from my soul, from my balls!

HUGO
Only if more of us spoke from our balls, yes?

They laugh as only old friends do, head toward an end door that leads outside --

CUT TO:

50 INT. BAR OFF THE SQUARE - DAY

50

AURELIO, the assassin, enters. The place is packed, people here for the event, pressed up against one another.

Aurelio makes a beeline for the bar.

AURELIO
Cerveza, Obrigado! A beer fit for a man.
Something domestic! Something Brazilian!
I'm about to listen to the next President of Brazil!

He seems too happy, attracting attention. He doesn't care, it's part of his cover. He smiles as the BARTENDER sets a bottle before him.

AURELIO (CONT'D)

Is it cold?

(feels the bottle, then)

What am I, a peasant? How about a glass? A clean one.

The Bartender, unimpressed, thumps a glass on the bartop before him.

AURELIO (CONT'D)

They used to pour it in the glass back in the day, you know.

Aurelio pours the beer into the glass. ON THE BAR TV the event in the square is televised.

51

EXT. SPEAKER'S PLATFORM, SQUARE - DAY

51

HUGO BETAO speaks from the flatbed of a pickup truck, completes his introduction:

HUGO

-- We were on a training exercise, over a dam, running the cable. The Sergeants would jerk the rope to make us fall. Well, I fell and didn't come up. Everyone said, "Pity, black guys can't swim..." They laughed.

(looks at Bolsonaro, the memory vivid for them both)

I had my gear on, I was sinking fast. They all figured me for a goner, except one man who jumped in at great risk to himself, and brought me up!

(CHEERS, applause from crowd)

The Captain of the People who has the establishment quaking in its boots, the Man himself: Jair Bolsonaro!

The CROWD goes nuts, ZICO and other MUSICIANS bleep a festive TUNE as Bolsonaro hugs Hugo, then waves, bows, to the crowd, showing off his shirt, smiling the whole time... He steps up to the mic:

BOLSONARO

Thank you, Hugo, I heard we're going swimming after the rally. Can't wait.

(grins, then to crowd)

I'm thrilled to be here, in Juiz De Fora before all of you... The media, the elites, they don't understand that this is your campaign, this is your country!

(the CROWD eats it up, cheering, calling to him)

Just look at the Amazon.

(MORE)

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

They can't give it away fast enough -- to foreigners, environmentalists, Hollywood pedophiles, a bunch of gringos who don't give two shits about this country.

(more SHOUTS of support,
cutting to the crowd)

The Amazon isn't theirs, it's ours! Yes, we need to protect it. Shouldn't we protect the twenty-million people living in it, too? I visit these people. I know these people. And you know what they want? Wifi! That's right, Wifi!

More CHEERS and APPLAUSE --

52 INT. BAR OFF THE SQUARE - DAY

52

-- The speech outside can be heard through the din. Aurelio has just about finished his beer, notices someone but doesn't look as they nudge past him from behind. It's TATO.

They acknowledge one another subtly. Tato is the guy who hired him. He heads to the men's room.

BOLSONARO (ON TV)

Brazil is a great country, a great people, filled with opportunity for growth. But the Reds in Brasilia want to own it for themselves. No more, my friends. No more!

The CROWD TAKES UP THE CHANT: "NO MORE! NO MORE!!"

Aurelio finishes his beer, heads to the restroom --

52A OMITTED

52A

53 INT. MENS ROOM - BAR - DAY

53

-- Aurelio checks to see if there's anyone else. No one. He sees:

A SPORT JACKET ON A HOOK, same one Tato was wearing. He feels the outside, checks the pockets, searching for something. Feels what he's looking for inside the pocket -- something is inside, lodged.

AURELIO PULLS OUT a newspaper taped around something -- removes a long, broad knife, with deadly blade.

Aurelio slides the knife back inside, puts on the jacket, heads out --

54 EXT. SPEAKER'S PLATFORM, SQUARE - DAY

54

-- THE CROWD CHEERS, post-speech. Bolsonaro comes to the edge of the pickup truck, reaches down to adoring hands --

-- He can't help but be drawn down amongst them. Hand-shakes. Selfies. The throng closes in.

ROWDY SUPPORTERS chant, military-style. They hold phones aloft, live feeds, etc. Bolsonaro obliges as much as he can. He chants with them. All veterans. Unable to stop the momentum, Bolsonaro finds himself moving out amidst them.

CARLOS is alarmed, looks to POLICE to step in but they just watch. Carlos BARKS at them, gestures.

The Police throw up their hands, "What do you expect us to do?" One pulls a cigarette, pats himself for a lighter - TATO, sauntering by, lights it for him.

-- CARLOS hops down from the pickup --

HUGO and LUIS, others, watch from beside the pickup, smiling, ZICO and MUSICIAN playing, in high spirits.

AURELIO emerges from the bar, starts through the crowd, people pushing and shoving, clamoring to get near the candidate.

BOLSONARO poses with people of all ages, agreeing to selfies, making the symbol of a heart with his hands --

FLASH CUT TO:

54A -- THE VIDEO IMAGES LIVESTREAM ON TikTok and SOCIAL MEDIA, 54A
A FLURRY of them buzz by. Bolsonaro at the rally, amongst his supporters, enjoying it --

BACK TO:

55 EXT. SPEAKER'S PLATFORM, SQUARE - DAY 55

BOLSONARO IS HOISTED ONTO SHOULDERS, laughs. They carry him along. He waves, feels the grasp of those reaching up to him, ecstatic.

-- A joyous moment --

AURELIO, eyes fixed on Bolsonaro, hesitates -- he hadn't expected the target to be lifted on people's shoulders -- but proceeds, intent, eyes on the prize.

BOLSONARO sways slightly, waves, points. Carlos struggles to get to him, people pressing in on all sides.

AURELIO is just below the candidate, hand inside his jacket, looks up.

BOLSONARO, bopping atop shoulders, waves, laughs --

-- AURELIO PULLS THE KNIFE from inside his jacket, both hands at the handle, raises it above his head, THRUSTS IT INTO BOLSONARO'S GUT, twists, like a two-handed jackhammer--

-- THE BROAD KNIFE penetrates the flesh of the lower abdomen --

-- BOLSONARO GRIMACES, both hands instinctively go to his gut, he's still held aloft --

-- PEOPLE aren't sure what's happened. Then, we notice BLOOD where Bolsonaro's hands are at his abdomen.

The trace of a tiny red flower blooms on his shirt.

THE CROWD realizes what's happened. People panic.

BOLSONARO has fallen back on the hands of people carrying him. He lies there, limp.

CARLOS closes in, shouting: "What's happened?!"

Those nearest Bolsonaro point, shout --

-- AURELIO RUNS! Some give chase, including POLICEMEN, but the swarm of people slows everyone down.

LARA CLARKE, on the fringe of the crowd, does an on-scene report to her cameraman, sensing panic:

*

LARA (INTO MIC)
 -- Something's changed here at the rally,
 we're not sure, candidate Bolsonaro seems
 to have fallen...
 (looks around, people
 screaming)
 What's happened? Did he fall?

ADRIANA (WOMAN NEARBY)
 -- He was bleeding! Someone shot him! --

*

Someone OFF-SCREEN shouts, "It's not real! It's not real!!"

DAVI (ANOTHER PERSON)
 -- NO! He was stabbed! --

*

LARA (INTO MIC)
 If you heard that, these people anyway,
 are saying there's been an attack --
 (thrown a bit, then INTO MIC)
 -- We don't know anything, really. Just
 that Senhor Bolsonaro was carried off by
 the crowd.
 (peers that direction)
 He looked lifeless.

(MORE)

LARA (INTO MIC) (CONT'D)

In the town square of Juiz De Fora...We
will try to find out more and report
back...

(looks toward the MOB)

-- THEY CARRY BOLSONARO along on a bed of hands, he seems
lifeless. CARLOS gestures the SUV closer.

CARLOS

(pounds on the car)

Back up! open the door! Open up!

Carlos shoves PEOPLE back. They place Bolsonaro in the rear
seat center. Luis is in front with the driver -- all are
panicked, eyes wide. HUGO hops in the backseat.

55A EXT. STREET NEAR SQUARE - DAY

55A

MOUNTED POLICE round a corner, GALLOP toward the square --

56 INT. SUV - DAY

56

-- Carlos checks on his father. Bolsonaro's face is coated
with sweat. His hands, that tried to stem the wound, are
soaked with blood.

BOLSONARO

(peers at his wound, blood
drips to the floor)

He twisted the blade...that
motherfucker...

-- Hugo and Carlos share a look --

CARLOS

(gently pulls Bolsonaro's
legs up)

Raise your legs, *Papai*...raise 'em up!

(then, to Hugo)

We have to get the blood flowing to his
heart.

Carlos shifts Bolsonaro's head back on the middle seat. The
DRIVER HONKS THE HORN, rolls down his window:

DRIVER

Get out of the way!

(HONKS THE HORN)

MOVE! MOVE!!

MOUNTED POLICE arrive, move through the crowd, yielding a
path for the SUV -- It navigates slowly -- HORN HONKING --
finds an opening, STREAKS out of there. Meanwhile:

CUT TO:

57 EXT. SAME TOWN SQUARE, JUIZ DE FORA - DAY 57

AURELIO races off, pursued BY A THRONG OF PEOPLE, and PEOPLE from intersecting alleys. He ducks into --

58 INT. BAR OFF THE SQUARE - DAY 58

-- AURELIO thrusts past, stumbles, keeps going. PURSUERS RUSH in after him, see him go toward the back.

59 OMITTED 59

60 INT. MENS ROOM - BAR - DAY 60

-- They peer in. Empty. One GUY checks the stall door, locked, peers underneath.

AURELIO is standing on the toilet seat. He scrambles over the stall, pulled down roughly by the others. He tries to fight them off but there's too many.

They drag him out --

61 EXT. BAR OFF THE SQUARE - DAY 61

-- TWO POLICEMEN step in to subdue Aurelio -- the CROWD bores in, someone cries out: "Kill him! Kill him!! KILL HIM!!!" MOUNTED POLICE form a cordon. Watching amidst the crowd, a silent witness, is:

TATO, the thug who hired Aurelio. Aurelio, being handcuffed and pulled away, notices Tato. They lock eyes --

CUT TO:

62 EXT. ROAD TO HOSPITAL - JUIZ DE FORA - DAY 62

THE SUV whips past and around traffic, cuts over a curb, BOUNCES -- inside BOLSONARO GROANS from impact -- escorted by TWO MOTORCOPS, engines gunning, SIRENS, lights flashing--

63 INT. SUV - MOVING - DAY 63

-- Bolsonaro shifts his head back, between Carlos and Hugo.

BOLSONARO
(with a groan)
Arghhhh!!! Mother of God!
(then, after a moment)
Did you see him? The stabber?

Hugo shakes his head 'no'.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Find who holds the knife.

Hugo and Carlos exchange a look -- Bolsonaro's trembling hand grasps Carlos's wrist.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Not the stabber. The ones holding the
knife.

Carlos indicates, subtly, for Hugo to look down. His father is literally holding his guts in. On the floor mat A PUDDLE OF BLOOD AND GOOK FORMS, too much blood...

DRIVER
(referring to his phone)
Is this the right way?!

LUIS points, unsure, checking his phone. Bolsonaro mutters, almost laughing at the black comedy of it all:

BOLSONARO
These fucking guys don't know where
they're going...

CARLOS
Don't talk, *Papai*. Save your strength. The
hospital's not far.

Bolsonaro smiles weakly, touches Carlos at the chin -- as if in apology -- unknowingly smears blood there.

Carlos touches his father's wrist, lays it down softly, wraps his fingers in his father's hand. Sticky with blood.

He can feel himself fading, coughs, then:

BOLSONARO
-- I don't want to pass out. If I pass out
I'll die, I know it...

CARLOS
Stay with us, *Papai*...

Carlos's eyes dart out the window, not wanting to show his emotion. His eyes ache with it.

HUGO
Turn here!

The Driver turns a corner, HITS THE BRAKES, stops abruptly -- the street is barricaded. Some kind of PERFORMANCE ARTISTS in the street, MUSICIANS, watched by Locals.

Bolsonaro lurches forward abruptly, yelps, blood rushes out of him.

CARLOS
(to Driver)
What are you trying to do, kill him!

DRIVER
They blocked the street! I have to go around!

CARLOS
(to Bolsonaro)
Papai, you okay?

They SQUEAL into REVERSE -- The MOTORCOPS direct them out.

BOLSONARO
NO!

CUT TO:

64 EXT. SIDE STREET, MAYORAL PLAZA - DAY 64

LARA and cameraman, BENITO, hop in the Broadcast Van, start to go the opposite direction of the slowly dispersing crowd.

65 INT. SIDE ST., MAYORAL PLAZA - BROADCAST VAN - MOVING - DAY 65

LARA checks her phone as her cameraman U-turns -- She looks up, sees:

THE GROUP OF WOMEN (ANA & JULIA) she interviewed before the event, in a circle nearby, crying, stunned by what's happened. (This beat should last an elongated moment).

*

Lara takes this in. As the van straightens, she notices something on her phone:

LARA
It's breaking! -- he was stabbed, someone stabbed the bastard!
(says this last triumphantly)
Somebody must have live-streamed it?! I don't see it. Just reports. No images?
(flips through her phone)
Nothing, nothing...
(punches her phone again)
What's the nearest hospital? We need to get a picture! Get him on tape! I want that fucking shot --

BENITO has had enough of her cynicism.

BENITO
-- Do you have to sound so happy? --

LARA
Fuck Bolsonaro. He brought it on himself.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 66 *

THE SUV enters the hospital, HORN HONKING, behind MOTOR COPS (gate open). Hardly anyone is about. THE SUV squeals to a halt at the bottom of a ramp. *

AN ORDERLY, ELIANA, on cigarette break, looks down from outside the entrance. *

CARLOS
(as he gets out of SUV)
I need help! Please! *

CARLOS waves again, panicked. Meanwhile, HUGO and LUIS take positions to carefully cradle Bolsonaro for removal. *

TWO MOTORCOPS dismount their bikes, come over to help -- *

66A INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY 66A *

-- ELIANA rushes in. NURSE RENATA, behind the reception desk, realizes something's up -- *

NURSE RENATA
What is it...? *

-- She starts around, heads outside -- *

67 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY 67 *

-- CARLOS urges TWO ORDERLIES (including Eliana) with gurney DOWN THE RAMP, wheels spinning. NURSE RENATA sees the blood and mess, wastes no time. *

NURSE RENATA
What's happened? Careful moving him!
(takes charge)
You two, get beside him. Let's get him onto the gurney, easy.
(then, to Carlos and others)
Is that who I think it is? *

LUIS and HUGO ease up Bolsonaro, to carry him. The MotorCops give them room. *

BOLSONARO
No. I'm walking.

CARLOS
You're weak, Papai. Let us help you.

He tries a step, crumples, held on his feet by Carlos, Luis, Hugo -- NURSE RENATA eyes him squarely.

NURSE RENATA
(to Bolsonaro, firmly)
You can't make it one step. On the gurney,
Senhor Bolsonaro. Now.

Bolsonaro relents, is eased on the gurney --

BOLSONARO
I like you. You should be my ex-wife
someday.

-- NEWS VANS ARRIVE, including Lara's. REPORTERS jump out --

CARLOS
(pulls the gurney)
Let's go!

They ROLL BOLSONARO up the ramp --

68 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL DAY

68

-- The gurney is rolled through towards Emergency Holding
Rooms. Meanwhile:

68A EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

68A

ON THE RAMP -- HUGO and LUIS, and MOTORCOPS, block the
Reporters, led by LARA, BENITO, and BALTASAR, who rush up
the ramp.

LARA
Let us pass!

HUGO is intimidating, physical, no one is getting past him.
A SHOVING MATCH ensues --

BENITO
Don't touch my camera!

-- The MOTORCOPS separate the factions.

HUGO
(to Police)
Keep them out --

LARA
-- Is he dead, Hugo? --

HUGO
-- You wish, Lara!

BALTASAR, a veteran Reporter, speaks up:

BALTASAR
Hugo, you know me. Eduardo and I are
friendly. Same with Carlos.
(MORE)

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

And your father, I've always been fair. We just want to know what's happening here?

HUGO

We know what you know. They tried to kill him.

BALTASAR

Who do you mean 'they'? How many are involved, and how do you know?

LUIS

(to Police)

Get them out of here already!

BALTASAR

We have every right to be here!

As the Police move to usher them back, Hugo realizes how much blood is on him, steps back, disappearing inside -- Meanwhile, LARA has turned, reporting as Benito films her:

LARA

(to Benito's camera)

The people of Brazil deserve to know the truth. If he's alive, we'll get that proof for you. Just one picture, one photo, can tell all...

CUT TO:

69

INT. SURGERY FLOOR - DAY

69

DR. ALVARO and NURSE RENATA come out of an elevator. Head to a surgery room. Inside, through the window, they see:

DR. TAVARES, a burly bear of a man, trying to save a patient's life. It's not going well. He steps back from the table, shakes his head. A Nurse gains his attention, he looks outside, sees Dr. Alvaro and Nurse Renata. Slowly, he walks out...

DR. TAVARES

(removes his mask)

I'm in surgery and you're waving through the window! What's wrong with you?!

DR. ALVARO

-- It's important --

NURSE RENATA

We're prepping him now. Male, early-60's. You'll recognize the name.

She hands him a clipboard, he looks over the info. Tavares stops cold.

DR. TAVARES
Bolsonaro. *The* Bolsonaro?

CUT TO:

70 INT. HOLDING ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

70

-- DR. TAVARES enters, pulling on fresh gloves. INTERNS, NURSES, attend to the patient, checking X-RAYS, IMAGES, on an elevated screen. TWO OTHER PATIENTS are rolled out.

BOLSONARO groans in pain, shirtless, still on the gurney. A stop-gap dressing has been placed over his wound, and he's hooked up to monitoring machines. Blood everywhere.

DR. TAVARES approaches the patient:

DR. TAVARES
Senhor Bolsonaro, my name is Heitor
Tavares, your wounds are very serious...

BOLSONARO
Are you a doctor?

DR. TAVARES
I hope so. Tell me, sir, it's important:
Who removed the weapon?

Bolsonaro struggles to speak, but can't --

DR. TAVARES (CONT'D)
(to Dr. Alvaro)
...Is there family here?

Carlos steps in from the doorway --

CARLOS
I'm his son. Carlos.

DR. TAVARES
Where's the weapon, Carlos?

CARLOS
(shakes his head slowly)
...Someone must have ran off with it...I
don't know...

DR. TAVARES
-- The abdominal wall has been perforated--

DR. ALVARO
Who pulled the knife from him? The
assailant? You? Maybe your father? How big
was it? It helps us to know...

CARLOS
I don't know.

*
*

Dr. Tavares pulls him aside --

DR. TAVARES
Here's what we know, Carlos: His wounds
are bad, but we don't know how extensive.
He's hemorrhaging. We can't afford to
wait. Do you understand?

CARLOS
Yeah... whatever you need to do.

Dr. Tavares turns back into the holding room. Carlos
remains in the doorway, holding it open. Unaware that...

LARA, having wandered from the lobby area, peers in, sees
Bolsonaro on the table. He looks dead. Too much commotion
for a pic, and she's too far away.

-- LUIS comes up the hall, calls out, "Hey!" --

She turns, knowing who Luis is and not a fan. Regardless,
she puts on a smile, hands him her card as she leaves.

LARA
In case you come across something, need a
friend at the network...you know what I
mean...

He's unimpressed, looks at the card. She goes off, pulls
out her phone, disappears -- Luis shuts the doors to the
holding room, leaving Carlos inside, then heads downstairs
to lobby.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

71 INT. HOLDING ROOM - HOSPITAL - DAY

71

-- Dr. Tavares goes up to Bolsonaro, hovers over him.

Bolsonaro struggles to speak, but can't.

NURSE RENATA
He's fading.

Dr. Alvaro crosses to the X-ray screens, pulls one down for
closer examination. He looks over at Dr. Tavares, it's bad.

DR. TAVARES
(to Nurse Renata)
Ready room #4, please. We need all the
space we can get. And a full team...

CUT TO:

72 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOLDING ROOMS - DAY

72

Carlos, on his phone.

CARLOS (INTO PHONE)
Flavio, it's bad...they're wheeling him
into surgery. Tell Michelle --

FLAVIO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
-- We'll be there soon. She's nearly done
here.

CARLOS (INTO PHONE)
Where's Eduardo?

FLAVIO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
On his way there.

CROSSCUT WITH:

73 INT. BOLSONARO APARTMENT - DAY

73

FLAVIO, with MICHELLE, who's hurriedly packing a travel
bag. Flavio pulls the phone from his ear --

FLAVIO
Michelle, Carlos is there. He's about to
undergo surgery.

Teary-eyed, she gestures toward the TV. Confused, he turns
up the volume, hears over her sobs:

PRISCILLA (TV ANCHOR)
...Again, UK/Brazil Report is sad to
report that candidate Jair Bolsonaro,
rushed earlier today to the hospital
following a vicious attack, has succumbed
to his wounds. Doctors pronounced him dead
moments ago in Juiz de Fora...

FLAVIO
No, no! Michelle, it's a mistake. It's not
real, it's bullshit.
(INTO PHONE)
What the hell, Carlos? This idiot anchor
just said our father's dead! It's
nonsense, right?
(then, to Michelle)
It's not true!

MICHELLE
Tell them! Make a statement! Anything!

74 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOLDING ROOMS - DAY

74

On CARLOS, phone to ear, listening:

He hears MICHELLE through the phone. In the same moment, the holding room doors fling open -- Bolsonaro, the Doctors, et al., roll out and away toward surgery.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SURGERY FLOOR - HOSPITAL - DAY

75

-- THE ELEVATOR opens, out comes:

*

ORDERLIES and NURSES push Bolsonaro's gurney down the hall.

BOLSONARO looks up at the passing fluorescent lights, the MEDICAL PERSONNEL beside his moving gurney.

TIGHT ON BOLSONARO -- He fights his weakness, struggles to stay in-the-moment. We MOVE TIGHTER on him, tighter --

BOLSONARO (V.O.)

Can you believe it?

He's not speaking to anyone -- just his thoughts conveyed to us, to the audience, voice over picture. It continues:

BOLSONARO (V.O.)

One minute I'm the luckiest guy in the world, and seconds later I'm struggling for my life, or dead, depending on who you believe...Am I dead? Did they drug me? Am I under? Why am I talking?

(pauses, then)

But I'm not talking. What's going on?! Dear God, spare my family, get me back to them.

They turn into surgery room #4 -- the flapping doors close behind them --

CUT TO:

76 OMITTED

76

77 OMITTED

77

78 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR OUTSIDE HOLDING ROOMS - DAY

78

On Carlos, he starts pacing in the direction the gurney went, speaks into his phone:

CARLOS (INTO PHONE)

I'll work the Press. Just come to the hospital, okay?

He hangs up, calls Luis.

CARLOS (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Luis, are you with the Press?

79 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY

79

Hugo and Luis, with a couple POLICEMEN. A tumult of noise and activity as THE animated SWARM of REPORTERS, ONLOOKERS, crowd into this relatively tight area. Juiz De Fora is not a large city and this is not a large hospital. (Front doors are closed during this).

*
*
*

LUIS (INTO PHONE)
They're settled in the lobby. They're saying he's dead, Carlos!

CARLOS (O.S. THRU PHONE)
Just keep them there!

CUT TO:

80 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

80

The CROWD of ONLOOKERS and SUPPORTERS have heard the news on their phones, word is spreading.

A GROUP OF WOMEN, the same ones we met before the rally. ANA, the adult who spoke to Lara earlier is rushed upon by the teary-eyed JULIA, the teenage Woman who shows her the phone. They join hands.

*

They drop their heads and pray together, devastated --

CUT TO:

81 INT. SURGERY FLOOR - DAY

81

CARLOS rushes from the elevator, confronts a RECEPTIONIST.

CARLOS
Surgery Room four?!

She points, unsure. He goes that direction. Sees DR. TAVARES, out of pre-op room, gloved and masked --

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Dr. Tavares, wait!

DR. TAVARES
You have thirty seconds. What?!

CARLOS
They reported him dead. It's fake news. They need to hear the truth. They need to hear, from you, that he's alive.
(as Dr. Tavares frowns)
Just one statement, please!

Dr. Tavares agonizes a moment, then:

DR. TAVARES

Turn your camera on.

(Carlos records with his
phone)

Jair Bolsonaro is alive, on the operating
table. Any report to the contrary is
false. I ask the Press to refrain from
speculation, and instead let me and the
other doctors do our job.

Carlos stops recording, Dr. Tavares barrels into the
Surgery room. Carlos turns, copies the video in order to
text it out:

CARLOS

(to himself)

Let's share with the world, *Papai...*

He punches it --

CUT TO:

82

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

82

On LARA and BENITO at top of ramp outside entrance doors. *

LARA

Camera ready or not? This is my moment.
The station's waiting.

BENITO

(shoulders camera)

Okay, ready when you are. *

She spruces herself up a bit, brings up the mic. She's at
the top of the ramp outside the hospital entrance, the
crowd below, gradually growing larger. She cups her hand
over her ear, smiles, ready to deliver comments for
UK/Brazil Report -- *

LARA

In this sad hour for Bolsonaro supporters,
some of whom are holding vigil here at the
hospital...

Bolsonaro supporters below, late teens/early 20s, watch
Carlos's bit play on their phones -- Over this, on Lara -- *

LARA (CONT'D)

...Let me say, although official word is
still forthcoming, a confidential source
tells us that Jair Bolsonaro is, indeed,
dead. As I reported to my network,
UK/Brazil Report, only minutes ago...

DOWN BELOW, a car arrives, EDUARDO emerges, comes up the
ramp... *

More Bolsonaro supporters, sharing -- watching the Doctor's video, proving Bolsonaro alive on their phones. Some chant 'Mito!'

POLICE OFFICERS (2 MotorCops) emerge around Lara & Benito to calm the crowd's ire. Just then, up steps:

*
*

EDUARDO, phone in hand, makes a beeline for Lara.

EDUARDO
YOU'RE LYING!
(then, to the GROUP outside,
and other Reporters)
My father's alive!
(holds up his phone, frozen
on Dr. Tavares)

BALTASAR, a senior Reporter, speaks up:

BALTASAR
-- Prove it, Eduardo! --

EDUARDO
He's in surgery!
(eyes boring into Lara)
It's a lie and she knows it!!

ANGRY BOLSONARO SUPPORTERS shout and gesticulate at her:
"How dare you?!" A few toss trash at her, missing.

BENITO, her cameraman, pulls her inside the hospital --

CUT TO:

83 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY 83

-- Baltasar turns on Lara, holding his phone.

BALTASAR
Confidential source, my ass! You're making
us all look like idiots.

LARA
Not hard where you're concerned.

BALTASAR
You're not a reporter, you're an activist.
A privileged foreigner come to Brazil to
trade her little red book for a
microphone! Now they're calling him
invincible, back from the dead!

RODRIGO (ANOTHER REPORTER)
-- Mito! --

*

BALTASAR

*

Y'hear that? -- They're calling him 'The Legend!' Thanks to you!
 (then, sees Eduardo chatting
 with Hugo and Luis)
 Eduardo! A few words, please. We didn't go
 with that false report...

Eduardo dashes past COPS deeper into the hospital, with
 Hugo and Luis.

LARA, stung by the recriminations, HEARS her PHONE RING --
 she looks at the screen, it reads: NO CALLER ID. She seizes
 the chance to slink away, says to Benito:

LARA

I need to take this...
 (moves further away, INTO
 PHONE)
 Ola?!
 (silence on the other end)
 Who is this?

TATO (THRU PHONE)

Don't say my name. You know who it is.

Lara checks her screen again, moves away from the noise of
 the packed room. Into an alcove.

CROSSCUT WITH:

84 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

84

TATO we recognize as the thug who hired the assassin. He
 talks from across the street...

LARA (O.S. THRU PHONE)

Why are you calling me?

TATO (INTO PHONE)

You're in Juiz de Fora. So am I.

This throws her for a moment, then:

LARA (O.S. THRU PHONE)

I hope you didn't have anything to do with
 this little incident.

TATO

If I had it'd be over by now.
 (then, after a moment)
 I know how you feel about Bolsonaro. I
 feel the same. We're the old guard.
 Remember? We were young, we were going to
 change the world. Maybe it's not too late.

*

LARA (O.S. THRU PHONE)
 -- I've moved on --

TATO (INTO PHONE)
 All right, tell me, what's the real
 situation? The candidate is in surgery?
 That's what the other networks are
 reporting...

TATO notices a hospital GARDENER in work clothes outside
 the hospital. His eyes hold on him for a long moment.

LARA (O.S. THRU PHONE)
 It's true, but he could still prove me
 right.

TATO (INTO PHONE)
 Did you at least get a photo? How could he
 get that close and not kill him?

BACK TO:

85 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY 85

This throws Lara for a moment. Then:

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
 That's what they're saying, anyway. That
 he's a lone actor.

LARA (INTO PHONE)
 (looks at her screen)
 I'm not seeing anything on that. How do
 you know? So help me God, if you're
 involved in this...

He is silent. She swallows a moment. Wondering.

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
 Would an interview with the assassin
 interest you?
 (it's clear she's interested)
 Maybe get an exclusive, restore your
 reputation...

LARA (INTO PHONE)
 Can you make that happen?

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
 On one condition: You tell me first what
 he says. Everything he says. Is that
 clear?

LARA (INTO PHONE)
 So you are involved in this.

TATO

So help me God, Lara, I'm not! This *Mito*, this 'Legend', is going to win unless we counter the narrative. Do you want the interview or not?

LARA (INTO PHONE)

Get me in...

She looks around, hoping no one is listening.

CUT TO:

86

INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - DAY

86

Carlos is seated, emotionally exhausted. On the wall opposite is a framed poster of La Pieta, and next to it is the framed "The Raising of Lazarus" by Carl Bloch.

He's transfixed by them, moved. He clasps his hands together, silently prays, near tears. He gets up suddenly, hearing something --

-- EDUARDO is in the hallway, having been escorted by HUGO and LUIS, looking for Carlos, who sees him. Carlos rushes out. The BROTHERS EMBRACE... *

EDUARDO

How is he?

CARLOS

He's in surgery.

EDUARDO

What can I do?

CARLOS

Stay here, I want to go in the surgery room, with *Papai*. One of us needs to be there.

EDUARDO

For sure, for sure...

Eduardo can see how shell-shocked Carlos is as Carlos heads out. *

CUT TO:

87

INT. SURGERY ROOM - DAY

87

-- High intensity lights flood the table upon which Bolsonaro lies, in surgery. He's hooked up to monitors, IV, etc. NURSES and PERSONNEL support the Doctors.

Then, CARLOS ENTERS in scrubs with NURSE RENATA. Carlos stands aside, observes quietly. From his vantage point: *

DR. TAVARES digs around in Bolsonaro's innards. Carlos quivers at the sight.

Carlos swallows, watching Tavares dig around through his Father's body. The sounds of squishing, the sight of gore. Carlo's POV is blocked by Doctors and Nurses, but now and then something is revealed.

*
*
*
*

Dr. Tavares motions for an instrument, is handed one -- scissors? He uses it on the patient.

*
*

Carlos can't look away. Dr. Tavares reaches into Bolsonaro, his hands emerge a moment later, lifting tangled intestines, separating them.

*
*
*

CARLOS
(shakily)
Oh God...

Carlos backs away instinctively, bumps into the wall. The team turns their attention to him. He rushes out.

(Authors note: All medical procedures, surgery, etc. will be amended, and confirmed, by a medical advisor for accuracy.)

CUT TO:

88 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE STATION - DAY 88

AURELIO BARBA sits on his heels, wide-eyed, hands cuffed before him, a few bruises from when he was subdued earlier. He looks up at:

LT. RAMOS, seated, with TWO DETECTIVES, plain-clothed, eyeing him as Lt. Ramos looks over an initial report.

A UNIFORMED GUARD is at the door --

LT. RAMOS
Help me understand, Aurelio...

AURELIO
What I had to say, I said already...

LT. RAMOS
It's a good act, but help me understand.
Why did you attack Bolsonaro?

AURELIO
It wasn't my decision....

Lt. Ramos exchanges a quick look with his Detectives. Is this an opening?

LT. RAMOS
Whose was it?

AURELIO

God's.

(then, after a moment)

God chooses the foolish things to shame the wise. The weak things to shame the strong. And that I am, Lieutenant. 'I am that I am.'

Aurelio laughs at his own joke, a little too much.

LT. RAMOS

Was there someone else? An accomplice? Did someone hire you?

AURELIO

I told you. God. He pays in the afterlife.

LT. RAMOS

We're going to find out, Aurelio. Where you live, what you do, who you're friends are. We're going to find out all of it. Better if you tell us.

AURELIO

I'd rather speak to the press, so they hear it directly from me.

Lt. Ramos snorts, dismissive, nods to the others, time to go. Aurelio shouts:

AURELIO (CONT'D)

I demand I be allowed to speak to the media!

They exit --

89 EXT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION RM. POLICE STATION - DAY 89

Lt. Ramos steps out, checks a message on his phone, then A POLICEMAN comes down the hall with information, hands Lt. Ramos a memo from upstairs. He frowns in confusion.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY 90

LARA emerges from a cab, pays the Driver, enters the station past other REPORTERS --

91 INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION RM. POLICE STATION - DAY 91

LT. RAMOS escorts LARA CLARKE down the corridor toward the jail cell where Aurelio is. *

LT. RAMOS

So, who do you know?

(she ignores)

(MORE)

LT. RAMOS (CONT'D)

Every reporter in the country's been
officially rejected. Then someone calls,
says, "Let her in..."

(looks at her again, she
keeps walking)

Why you?

He sees ANOTHER DETECTIVE escort THREE MEN IN SUITS,
carrying briefcases, just arrived from a back elevator.
They are going toward the same cell but from the opposite
direction.

LT. RAMOS (CONT'D)

Hold on --

He crosses to the other Detective, chats with him quietly.
Another POLICEMAN uses his keys to open the room -- the
same one they interrogated Aurelio in earlier.

Lt. Ramos finishes talking to the Detective, comes back
toward Lara, shaking his head.

LT. RAMOS (CONT'D)

Too late.

LARA

What?!

She whips past him, approaches the door to the room. THE
THREE MEN IN SUITS are being ushered in. The Detective
blocks her but she keeps going --

LARA (CONT'D)

I have clearance to speak to the prisoner,
out of my way.

-- The lead Attorney, CARVALHO, stops, looks at her, hands
her his card.

CARVALHO

You do not have permission to speak to my
client. Not you, not anyone.

LARA

(looks at the card)

Lawyers? Already?

Carvalho smiles, turns, follows the other Attorneys inside.

Genuinely dumbfounded, she walks back toward Lt. Ramos.

LT. RAMOS

Got here fast, didn't they?

CUT TO:

92 INT. SURGERY ROOM - DAY

92

The patient's eyes are closed. Dr. Tavares leans over the patient, instrument in-hand, perusing the wound.

CLOSE ON BOLSONARO -- Eyes shut. We are in his world. Then, we HEAR his thoughts, his VOICE:

BOLSONARO (V.O.)
Do these doctors know what the hell
they're doing? Dear God!

DR. TAVARES
Scissors, please...

DR. ALVARO
Nurse...

A COLD NURSE (Not Renata) comes out of her thoughts, hands over the first instrument --

BOLSONARO (V.O.)
Did he say scissors? Haven't I been cut
enough? And what did they take out? Are
they going to put it back? What if these
people are all Leftists? Lula worshippers?
That Nurse has a cold look in her eyes --

She stares at him. Then we drift up to the HARSH LIGHTS --

FLASHBACK TO:

93 OMITTED 93

94 OMITTED 94

95 OMITTED 95

96 OMITTED 96

A97 EXT. MEMORIAL - OUTER CORRIDOR OF CONGRESS - DAY A97 *

BRIGHT LIGHT bleeds thru the glass walls as MICHELLE DE PAULA, high heels clicking, makes her way down the outer corridor looking for an office. She enters a door -- *

-- She enters:

97 INT. BOLSONARO'S OFFICE, CONGRESS (2007) - DAY 97

MICHELLE DE PAULA, here for a job interview, waits in his outer office. The secretary's desk is empty. She reacts, flinches, at the SOUND OF SOMETHING BANGING AGAINST the inner wall. Then, silence.

BOLSONARO appears from the inner office, holding a SOCCER BALL in one hand, looking at a piece of paper in the other:

BOLSONARO
 Michelle de Paula...?
 (she looks up)
 Please, come in --

TIME CUT TO:

98 INT. BOLSONARO'S OFFICE, CONGRESS (2007) - DAY

98

Bolsonaro sits behind his desk as Michelle, seated in a chair, tells him about herself:

MICHELLE
 -- As you can see from my resume, I have experience in government, the Chamber of Deputies, especially --

BOLSONARO
 -- I know, I've seen seen you around the chamber --

MICHELLE
 I'm divorced, a single mother. I leave at five-thirty every day. My weekends are with my daughters. I go to mass every day. I have no time for political functions in the evening. I will work very hard for you, and can give you many insights. As you know, I understand the chamber and it's politics. You will not regret hiring me, sir.

She's said this so fast and furious he simply leans back, raises both hands, palms facing her, and smiles.

BOLSONARO
 ...I surrender....

CUT TO:

99 INT. A WEDDING - DAY

99

Bolsonaro and Michelle are married. We HEAR their vows:

PRIEST
 "You are the priest, provider and the protector of the home. Honor this covenant, for through it will come the destiny of generations. And your daughter--

100 INT. MATERNITY WARD - DAY

100

BOLSONARO holds baby daughter, LAURA, bedside, with MICHELLE.

PRIEST (V.O.)

-- Laura, will be like an arrow shot far --
but she needs a steady bow right now..."

CUT TO:

101 EXT. COURTYARD - A FANCY MANSION (2009) - DAY

101

PAULO PONTES, big designer glasses, mustache, hat, three-day growth, sits with his PARTNERS, meeting with BOLSONARO, here for a kind of interview. The view is magnificent.

About EIGHT PEOPLE, various Politicos and their wives, are in the courtyard, chatting. Some conduct interviews on the other end is LARA with BENITO filming. Nearby, is TATO, seated at a table close to Paulo and Bolsonaro.

PAULO PONTES

Want to know what politics is about, Senhor Bolsonaro? You're seeking high office -- a noble ambition -- I assume you don't mind being lectured?

BOLSONARO

I'm here to learn, sir.

PAULO PONTES

Let's not kid ourselves. You're here for money. No shame in it, that's politics. I have business interests that intersect with the government, I build oil platforms, telecommunications, and I nurse a long-cherished desire to own an airline. None of this can be done without state cooperation, shall we say...

Bolsonaro has registered something but doesn't give it away: A clearly removed TATTOO that runs up the side of the man's neck to his lower cheek. (This reveal should be an elongated moment -- reflected off a mirror or window?)

The obvious tattoo removal is hidden by beard growth, but not completely. Bolsonaro conceals his sudden recognition of who this man is.

FLASH CUT TO:

102 EXT. SEIZURE ROOM (FOOTAGE FROM SC 17A) - DAY

102

Much earlier in our story, the same man -- or near enough, same tattoo etc. named CICATRIZ -- His face held against wall for photo...as Capt. Bolsonaro and accomplice hold him there...

BACK TO:

PAULO PONTES

(then, after a moment)

I've looked at your record. Nothing to brag about, really, and your party has always been in the minority.

BOLSONARO

That will change.

Paulo Pontes looks at him, impressed by his ambition.

PAULO PONTES

(glances at a dossier)

Military record has a few blemishes, along with many commendations. But people like you are rare, you have charisma, machismo. I like you.

BOLSONARO

I hunted drug lords. On the border, the rainforest...

*
*

He lets it hang there...

PAULO PONTES

Did you catch any?

BOLSONARO

One got away. An ex-Marxist, had facial surgery in Cuba to cover that tattoo of his...

It's clear Bolsonaro is onto him and Paulo knows it. But you don't get this far without knowing how to dodge bullets.

PAULO PONTES

...We'll start with five-million today, with a promise to raise fifty million within three months. What I raise beyond it, I keep. Now and again I ask a favor in return. I have many businesses, many interests.

BOLSONARO

Is it the drugs that finances everything? Your cartels?

(as Paulo stares at him)

Senhor 'Cicatriz'...

Bolsonaro runs his finger up his own neck to his cheek, mimicking where the man's TATTOO was removed.

Paulo's Partners looks aghast, eyes turning to their boss to see how he will react.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

Good day...

He walks out. Paulo's anger rises, he shouts after him (or he could say quietly, to himself).

PAULO PONTES

Your political career just ended, my friend!

CUT TO:

The Present...

103A A SMATTERING OF TV NEWS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD: 103A

A VIDEO replays the ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT IN THE SQUARE AT JUIZ DE FORA (you can see it on YouTube)...Bolsonaro carried by supporters, the knife attack, his grimace, played for everyone to see...

TV NEWS REPORTS from all over the world: UK, JAPAN, FRANCE, and the good old USA...split-screen...

UK NEWS

Initial reports are that the assassin is a lone wolf with clear mental incapacities ...a crazed assassin, if you will... As for Mr. Bolsonaro's political future it is unknown whether he can continue...which, of course, throws the advantage back to the ruling party...

This melds into...

CUT TO:

104 OMITTED 104

105 EXT. ROAD TURN-IN TO HOSPITAL - NIGHT 105

A CAR turns into the drive, heads along the Hospital drive-up. In the backseat are:

MICHELLE and FLAVIO who notice SCATTERED GROUPS lingering on the lawn and along the drive-up, ONLOOKERS --

106 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 106 *

-- THE CAR pulls up to the entry ramp, descended upon by MEDIA, camera crews etc. Getting out are: *

MICHELLE and FLAVIO -- REPORTERS fire questions: "Michelle, have you talked to your husband?" "Flavio, how is your father doing?"

Flavio ushers Michelle past Reporters, up the ramp, into -- *

107 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 107 *

-- LARA CLARKE is among them, Benito on camera. She thrusts a microphone at Michelle: *

LARA
What have the Doctors told you, Michelle?
Is he still in surgery?

Michelle, knowing full well who she is, gives her a cold look, keeps moving with Flavio into the hospital, met by TWO COPS who lead them on.

Lara, left behind, pulls Benito aside:

LARA (CONT'D)
You have to get up there, somehow, get a picture...

BENITO
Why don't you ask your confidential source?

LARA
Benito, don't get me going...

Benito looks at her as if she's crazy, nods, reluctant --

-- Nearby, someone advances into the lobby, unseen: TATO, the guy who hired our assassin and spoke to Lara on the phone. He is dressed as the Gardener we saw earlier, with a cap. She doesn't see him as he crosses to a men's room.

108 INT. ALCOVE, LOBBY FLOOR, HOSPITAL - NIGHT 108

TATO goes into a small alcove near the elevator -- pulls a out A GUN, the same .38 we saw earlier in our story. He checks the load, clicks the chamber shut, places it inside his shirt, walks out --

109 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 109

-- BENITO, Lara's cameraman, ambles down-hall, nonchalant, waits for the elevator. He enters. The doors start to close. Someone's hand reaches in, stop the doors. It's:

TATO, about to enter, sees Benito. They exchange a look. Vague recognition. His eyes take in Tato's Gardener uniform, notices he wears polished street shoes, and a cap. Tato exits. The elevator doors close. Benito frowns, trying to place him... *

TATO crosses to the stairwell, enters, heads upstairs --

CUT TO:

110

INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

110

MICHELLE and FLAVIO are directed by COPS into waiting area.
She hugs Eduardo and Carlos. Nearby, LUIS and ZICO.

*

FLAVIO

What have you heard of the surgery?
Anything?

CARLOS

It's been hours.

...Michelle's face is filled with worry. A NURSE brings
multiple coffees on a tray, offers. Michelle takes one.

MICHELLE

Obrigado...

HUGO enters, she turns toward him, glad to see him.

HUGO

I'm sorry, Michelle. It was my turn to
save him and I wasn't there --

MICHELLE

-- No, Hugo --

She sets her coffee aside, embraces him. Her back is to the
brothers who step aside to confer:

FLAVIO

There's false reports all over the place.
We have to make a statement.

EDUARDO

He's still running. That's our statement.

CARLOS

-- What if he can't? What, then? We should
wait -- He has to decide.

Michelle, having heard this, turns -- says to them firmly:

MICHELLE

We owe the press nothing. They gladly
reported his death. Now what? Has anyone
apologized? They hate, and they lie --
they get nothing!

This hangs there a moment. Michelle is clearly the center
of attention here, her emotion carrying the moment.

Hugo exits just as DR. TAVARES, having emerged from
surgery, approaches the waiting area, DR. ALVARO behind
him. They look exhausted, as if they've been through a war.

Michelle turns, looks to the Doctors, wondering what their demeanor portends. DR. TAVARES recognizes her and family -- Michelle meets him partway --

DR. TAVARES
Mrs. Bolsonaro, I'm Doctor Tavares...

MICHELLE
How is he, Doctor?

DR. TAVARES
We've done what we can to repair the damage. He's asleep, drugged, will be for a while. When he awakes he will be in great pain, I'm afraid...we can help with that, but it will affect his lucidity.

MICHELLE
-- Thank you for all you've done --

The Doctor turns to go, is stopped by Eduardo's question:

EDUARDO
Any idea, how long till he is released?

DR. TAVARES
Released?! By all rights, based upon what I saw -- and forgive me for saying this -- he should be dead.
(reads their minds)
As for campaigning? He won't be able to stand the stress. He's on a colostomy bag. He may require it for months. The risk of infection is great.

MICHELLE
(sees DR's tired, irritated)
Thank you, Doctor.
(to the sons)
Can't you see the Doctor's exhausted?

DR. TAVARES
Thank you, Mrs. Bolsonaro.

MICHELLE
Michelle. Call me Michelle, please.

He starts to move off -- Flavio won't give up:

FLAVIO
We need to give a press conference tomorrow. Our father will want as positive a report as possible...

DR. TAVARES
I tell only the truth.

FLAVIO

The opposition pronounced him dead already! Surely you grasp what's at stake here?!

EDUARDO

-- Don't forget the love of the people, Doctor! --

DR. TAVARES

I'm not going to sit before the media and lie! For their love, or anyone else's.

Dr. Tavares is angry. The weight of the day has worn him down.

MICHELLE

Flavio, please...it's fine....

Flavio steps up to the Doctor:

FLAVIO

I'm sorry, Doctor, we're all frazzled.

Dr. Tavares nods, turns to leave, stops, addresses Michelle:

DR. TAVARES

Tell me, he was on some kind antibiotics. What was it?

EDUARDO

-- Antibiotics? What antibiotics? --

DR. TAVARES

That's what I'm asking.

MICHELLE

(to Eduardo and his brothers)

Wait, the woman...

(to Dr. Tavares)

This woman, we didn't know her, she gave it to him a week ago...

DR. TAVARES

She a doctor?

(realizes they don't think so)

Does he, as a rule, take medicine from people off the street?

Michelle, and the brothers, shrug, nod, apologetic.

DR. TAVARES (CONT'D)
 You don't know what it was?
 (Off Michelle's slight shake
 of the head)
 Well, she may have saved his life.

He goes, joined by Dr. Alvaro. Michelle calls after him:

MICHELLE
 God is with him, Doctor!

CUT TO:

110A INT. SURGERY ROOM - NIGHT

110A

BOLSONARO, eyes closed, lies hooked-up, post-surgery. And we HEAR his thoughts:

BOLSONARO (V.O.)
 What's happened? Am I here? Am I alive?

His eyes open. He sees:

THE COLD NURSE, the one he didn't trust, staring at him.
 She holds A KNIFE!

His eyes are open, staring at her.

She comes straight for him with the knife.

-- He can't move, eyes widening --

THE COLD NURSE GOES past him, toward the corner. Seated in a chair, holding her RAG-DOLL, is:

LAURA, his young daughter, terrified...

LAURA
Papai...

...He can't do anything, blinks -- the room is empty.

It was a nightmare. He breathes hard, trying to control himself.

TWO ORDERLIES enter the room with a gurney --

CUT TO:

111 EXT. A VIEW OF LAWN OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

111

Thru a window of an upper floor -- the SCATTERED GROUPS we saw earlier have swelled. More PEOPLE, holding flags, 'Bolsonaro' signs, banners stamped onto the fence, hung across tree branches --

*

112 INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA - NIGHT 112

-- MICHELLE, at window, looks below. Taking it all in.

113 INT. STAIRWELL OF HOSPITAL - NIGHT 113

TATO heads up the stairs, past floors toward the one he's targeted. He tries the door. It's locked. Tries it again. No go. He pulls out his phone, frustrated, texts someone --

*
*

114 INT. SURGERY FLOOR - NIGHT 114

-- Elevator doors open, out comes Benito. An Orderly reacts to this stranger, brings it to the attention of:

A COP ushers Benito back toward the elevator.

Benito hits the button, waits. Just then, notices:

*

LUIS, the Bolsonaro team-member, comes up the corridor, stops and looks at his phone, turns, crosses toward a stairwell door --

*
*
*

-- LUIS gives a quick look-around, OPENS THE DOOR FROM INSIDE, keeps going as if it was nothing.

TATO enters thru the stairwell door just opened by Luis, doesn't acknowledge him. Benito recognizes Tato, takes him in, though Tato doesn't see him.

The elevator opens. Benito gets in, wondering what Tato is doing. And what about Luis? Are they working together? The elevator doors close. Meanwhile:

TATO makes his way down-corridor, peeks in windowed doors, searching...

TATO approaches SURGERY ROOM #4, quietly enters --

115 INT. SURGERY ROOM - NIGHT 115

An Orderly, ELIANA, is cleaning up. No patient. No surgery. But the room looks like a war zone, blood and gook all over.

*

ELIANA

*

You can't be in here!

TATO exits --

116 INT. SURGERY FLOOR - NIGHT 116

-- Tato looks at signs, sees 'INTENSIVE CARE UNIT,' heads that direction, slows upon seeing a COP pass, keeps on...

*

117 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT 117

BOLSONARO has been rolled in by NURSE RENATA and ORDERLIES. Instruments are set up, monitors connected. Hanging back, near the doors, are HUGO and LUIS, wearing medical masks. *

BOLSONARO is still out, asleep, a nest of tubes connected to him. Then, the doors open inward.

TATO ENTERS (through regular door), sees Bolsonaro. Hugo and Luis instinctively turn, frown, wondering who this guy is. Something about his getup is not right. *

HUGO
(steps toward Tato)
Who are you?

Tato spins, rushes out!

Hugo and Luis look at one another. Of course, Luis knows who Tato is but acts surprised --

118 INT. I.C.U. FLOOR - NIGHT 118 *

-- TATO runs toward stairwell. PAMELA, a Nurse, calls out: *

PAMELA (ANOTHER NURSE)
No running, sir! *

Tato keeps going. Hugo and Luis come out from the I.C.U. room.

HUGO
Stay, Luis!

-- Luis hangs back as Hugo chases Tato who disappears into the stairwell --

119 INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT 119

-- TATO races down the stairs, running, tears off his Gardener shirt, tosses it, hears:

HUGO above, coming after him, shouts:

HUGO
Hey! Come back here, you bastard!

Tato leaps stairs, descending floors --

CUT TO:

120 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 120

BENITO joins Lara --

LARA
Did you get anything?

BENITO
They kicked me off his floor. But I saw
someone else.

LARA
-- Who? --

BENITO
The guy, You know him. He plays drums. You
and he were --

LARA
-- A beard? Tato...?

BENITO
He was just upstairs -- guess who let him
in? Luis, one of Bolsonaro's staffers.
Like a planned thing...

She considers, frowns in consternation. They hear the CLOP-
CLOP of HELICOPTERS outside. She gestures him to follow as
she heads outside --

121 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

121

LARA COMES OUT with BENITO, eyeing the ever-larger crowd.
Then, Benito notices something...

TATO comes barreling out a side exit, a bit distant from
them, unnoticed by People.

BENITO
Lara!

Lara reacts, follows the line of Benito's gaze to:

TATO glances back to see if he's being followed. Tato sees
POLICEMEN hanging on the fringes of the crowd. A group just
arrived.

HUGO comes tearing out the same exit, looks, not seeing
him. HUGO advances on POLICE SERGEANT and COPS, points
around, then up at the hospital.

TATO picks up his pace, heads along a line of shrubbery,
trees, TOSSES SOMETHING INTO THE BUSHES -- highlighted by
the helicopter beam -- veers away.

LARA and BENITO share a look...Tato is gone...They start
down...

AMONG THE BUSHES AND SHRUBBERY are LARA and BENITO:

LARA
He threw something...

LARA looks among the shrubbery. Benito follows her lead, searches, turning his phone flashlight on.

BENITO
-- What'm I looking for?

She doesn't want to say what she's thinking. He stares daggers at her, demanding an answer.

BENITO (CONT'D)
Was he up there to finish the job?

LARA
How would I know? You think I have something to do with this?! How dare you!

He looks at her for a long moment, nods, accepts, then scans the area with his eyes, realizes it's hopeless.

BENITO
It's too dark.

They head back toward the front of the hospital. As they do, they come across:

HUGO leading the POLICE SERGEANT and COPS to the building.

LARA
What happened, Hugo?

HUGO
Shall we say, a lack of security. I'm taking care of that now.

LARA
(not wanting him to get away)
Y'know, many see him as a racist. Yet you run to his side every chance you get?

This stops him, he turns on her. And the look on his face she'll never forget.

HUGO
He's my friend. He saved my life and now I'm going to save his.

LARA
-- But, what about the? --

HUGO
Yes, he's said stupid things that he later apologized for. But you never publish the apology.
(then, after a moment)
(MORE)

HUGO (CONT'D)

The problem with you elites is you think you know what is best for us. What we should do, how we should vote, how we should think. It's you who look down upon us. He treats us like anyone else. With warmth, love, friendship, anger, hate. Call him what you want, I know him.

He continues on his way, leads the Cops into the building.

122 INT. I.C.U. FLOOR - NIGHT 122

HUGO arrives with POLICE SERGEANT and MORE COPS, pouring in from the stairs. The Police Sergeant orders them to cover the floor, all entrances and exits, elevators, etc.

THE COPS move to position, a much more formidable force than was here earlier.

123 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 123

People hold lit candles, torches, raise their phones on flash-light mode. Lights on posts along the perimeter, smoke hovers creating a holy, and eerie, atmosphere.

BENITO pulls his slung news camera up, peers thru the viewfinder, recording:

A SET OF CANDLES IN BASES PLACED on the ground, spells out: 'Mito The Legend'...big enough for HELICOPTERS circling above to see, showering brilliance on the crowd, high beams prowling the darkness.

LARA takes this all in, the warmth, the MUSIC, candles. It's clear that something transformative is happening here.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

124 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY 124

Tight on BOLSONARO, in a bit of a dazed fog. Bedside:

DR. TAVARES and DR. ALVARO, with NURSE RENATA standing at the end of the bed.

DR. TAVARES

Senhor Bolsonaro...can you hear me?

A soft GROAN can be heard, his eyes slowly go to Dr. Tavares. Followed by a wince.

DR. TAVARES (CONT'D)

Are you in pain?

(Bolsonaro winces again)

(MORE)

DR. TAVARES (CONT'D)

You may have to get used to that. For now,
 anyway...

BOLSONARO

Marf....marfa....hurly...

DR. TAVARES

What? Say again?

He leans down. Bolsonaro whispers:

BOLSONARO

My family?

Dr. Tavares turns to Nurse Renata who goes out to:

125 INT. HALLWAY OF I.C.U. - DAY 125

NURSE RENATA approaches the family, Michelle, Carlos,
 Flavio, Eduardo. Nearby, TWO COPS. She Speaks to Michelle. *

Michelle impels the sons to go in with her. They follow *
 NURSE RENATA THROUGH AN ANTEROOM and frosted doors, into: *

126 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY 126

BOLSONARO'S EYES OPEN to see his wife, MICHELLE, approach.
 The sons hang back, for now...

MICHELLE kisses Bolsonaro's forehead, grasps his hand. Her
 eyes can't help but moisten, but she fights it.

HE LOOKS AT HER, feeling her love. A tear rolls down his
 cheek. He says softly:

BOLSONARO

Michelle a linda...
 (she nods, he continues)
 ...How's our beloved Laura? Does she know?

MICHELLE

It's all over the news. She sends love and
 kisses. And this...

She gives him the Rag-Doll that Laura held earlier. He
 holds it. This hits him hard. He nods silently.

BOLSONARO

I've thought only about you and her...
 (changes the subject)
 ...I look like shit, don't I?...

She smiles. His eyes go to his sons who come forward,
 quietly.

FLAVIO

You look good...

BOLSONARO

You're fired for dishing out bullshit...

The sons admire their father's spirit, but it's true. He looks terrible. After a long moment:

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

Tell me...

Flavio and Eduardo exchange a look. Also to Carlos.

EDUARDO

Many well-wishes. Many supporters outside.

FLAVIO

There's a planned demonstration in Rio, on Copacabana beach...they expect thousands...

Bolsonaro shifts, grimaces. That wasn't what he was asking. He gestures. They know what he wants to hear.

Michelle breaks the silence:

MICHELLE

You need to recuperate, Jair. The doctors say you may need more surgeries. Nothing else matters...

Bolsonaro turns his attention to Carlos who endured this.

BOLSONARO

Carlos...

CARLOS

I just want you, *Papai*. Back to normal...your health is everything....

Carlos seems devastated by his father's condition.

EDUARDO

You can run again. In four years.

Bolsonaro blinks, he understands, looks at them.

BOLSONARO

The debate...when is it...?

The sons look at one another. Is hope alive? Is he serious?

FLAVIO

Next Thursday.

He shuts his eyes, as if he knows that's impossible. Is the dream over?

Then, he gestures weakly, for them to come closer. He speaks hoarsely, but with defiance:

BOLSONARO

Get -- me -- out -- of -- here --

The brothers look at one another. This is an order, but how do they handle it? Looking at them with fierce eyes, as if daring them to do anything, is Michelle.

The sons leave the room. She watches them exit, considers whether to follow --

127

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - I.C.U. UNIT - DAY

127

The brothers step into the hallway to confer. POLICE OFFICERS stand guard outside in hallway outside anteroom, and are spread down-corridor, a large presence...

*

The brothers shift as they speak quietly, concerned who could overhear them:

EDUARDO

He wants out. You heard him...

CARLOS

Impossible. He can't move.
(panicked, appeals to his
older brother)
Flavio?!

Flavio and Eduardo exchange a glance, shake their heads.

FLAVIO

He's not ready. Not yet. But soon.

EDUARDO

How soon?
(indicates the world out
there)
They're going to ask!

Both are disappointed, and thinking, calculating their options.

MICHELLE, having followed them, has heard this, then:

MICHELLE

You won't do anything. Is that clear? The doctor said he's lucky to be alive. Didn't you hear him?!

(then, after a moment)

He needs to get well. Forget the campaign, forget all of it...you want him out there so they can finish the job?!

Angry, filled with emotion, she turns, goes back in the room to be with her husband --

127A INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY

127A

-- MICHELLE moves beside his bed, settles in a chair, touches his forehead. He's barely awake, eyes slowly opening, then closing...

MICHELLE

You are strictly forbidden to die. Do you hear me?

...His fading eyes hold on her a moment. He heard it.

CUT TO:

128 INT. LOBBY - HOSPITAL - DAY

128

A makeshift PRESS CONFERENCE. The room is jam-packed with media, cameras, etc.

Present are Dr. Tavares, Flavio, Eduardo, and the Hospital Administrator. Carlos watches, standing in the corner of the room, still fearing his father's fate.

DR. TAVARES

-- Senhor Bolsonaro lost forty per-cent of his blood and, considering the severity of his wounds, he's fortunate to be alive. We have him in intensive care. For now.

BALTASAR

Flavio? Has the family seen him?

FLAVIO

-- Briefly --

BALTASAR

What's his mood?

FLAVIO

My father is a strong man. He has endured many things...

Lara's VOICE shatters the vibe in the room:

LARA

Is he still running, or not?

Carlos looks at her with unremitting hatred. Before the Doctor or Flavio can respond:

EDUARDO

According to you, he's dead! You owe my father, and our family, an apology!

LARA
My network has issued an apology.

EDUARDO
-- Let's hear it from you! --

LARA
(perfunctory)
I'm sorry. Okay?!

EDUARDO
Let me tell you something, let me tell all
of you, our father will be the next
president of Brazil!

This causes rolling reactions in the room. Lara speaks
above the din:

LARA
Can we get an interview? Photos? I mean,
you're saying he's doing better, right?

BALTASAR
It will dispel rumors...

FLAVIO
-- We will ask --

LARA
Take us up now? It's in your interests!

DR. TAVARES
(rises, irritated)
No one is going in my patient's room
without my approval. It's much too soon
for any press visits.

He walks out. The sons follow suit. More questions --

CUT TO:

129 INT. A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - DAY 129
-- TATO flips the TV off, snaps up his phone, punches a
number...

CUT TO:

130 INT. LOBBY - HOSPITAL - DAY 130
LARA looks at her phone: NO-CALLER ID appears. She steps
aside, takes the call:

LARA (INTO PHONE)
You were here last night. Benito saw you.

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
He's lying.

LARA (INTO PHONE)
I saw you, too. You ran out of the
hospital. Now who's lying?

Lara goes outside --

*

CROSSCUT WITH:

131 INT. A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - DAY 131

TATO hesitates.

TATO (INTO PHONE)
...I was trying to snap that photo you
didn't get.

LARA (O.S. THRU PHONE)
I didn't get the interview, either. Is
that why you're calling?
(Tato says nothing, then)
Hugo Betao was chasing you last night.
What happened?

TATO (INTO PHONE)
Tell you what: You do your job and I'll do
mine.

BACK TO:

132 EXT. RAMP - HOSPITAL - DAY 132 *

Lara is angered by this last --

LARA (INTO PHONE)
Are we working for the same people?

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
We're working against Bolsonaro.

LARA (INTO PHONE)
How one does it matters. I'm a journalist.

Another long silence, then:

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)
I knew you when, Lara. We are here to win.
That's what matters.

LARA (INTO PHONE)
Who is we?

He CLICKS OUT -- She looks at her phone, puts it away. It's clear she's troubled now, wondering what is really going on. Who is Tato working for? Who are they connected to? What's her part in this?

BACK TO:

133 INT. A CHEAP HOTEL ROOM - DAY 133

TATO grabs his packed bag, leaves --

CUT TO:

134 INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BOLSONARO'S I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT 134

-- LUIS comes over to the Policemen, hands them plastic soda cups. It looks like pepsi.

LUIS

I put some rum in there for you, boys.
Take a break...

They nod, say "Obrigado" and move off -- LUIS peers around to make sure the other COPS on the floor are not looking, then enters -- (May try an alt where he just walks in).

*

135 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT 135

-- LUIS steps in from the hallway, unseen. Bolsonaro is asleep. He takes out his phone, takes PHOTOS of the patient. Then, he adjusts Bolsonaro's arm to make him look more lifeless, more PHOTOS --

CUT TO:

136 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 136

-- THE SHOT OF BOLSONARO LYING ASLEEP IN I.C.U. comes up on a phone --

LARA and BENITO lounge on a couch. She checks her PHONE, a text comes in from "UNKNOWN CALLER" -- it's the PHOTO -- She gapes at the SHOT OF BOLSONARO.

She looks up, wondering who sent it. In the lobby is:

*

LUIS, standing. He locks eyes with her. She crosses to him, speaks out of Benito's earshot. (May have them step near elevators).

*

*

*

LARA

*

What's this?

*

LUIS

*

Y'know, they're a nice family but it's all a facade. He will takeover, he'll use the military. He's a dangerous man.

*

*

*

*

LARA *

Is that so? *

LUIS *

I've been beside them, the campaign. I *

know. They're like the Corleone's. The man *

is death to Brazil. I know you feel the *

same. *

LARA *

Does it justify killing him? *

(He scoffs at her) *

I'm a journalist. I just tell what I know. *

LUIS *

Well now you have a scoop. *

LARA *

How about this for a scoop? Who are you *

working for? The Ruling Party? *

He grins, walks away. She goes back toward Benito. She *

thrusts her phone before Benito's face... *

LARA (CONT'D)

We have our exclusive!

...She punches in a number to make a call. The journalist
in her can't help but be thrilled.

LARA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

Vera, it's Lara, get me Davi right away --

Benito chases after her --

BENITO

Wait! Lara!!

(as she turns)

How'd you get that?

LARA

Not from you, that's for sure.

BENITO

Are you working with this Tato character?

Or that staffer of Bolsonaro's? Are they *

getting you this stuff?

LARA

I don't know, and I don't care.

He pulls back a flap on his backpack, reveals A GUN nestled
there.

BENITO

The fact he tossed this last night, that
doesn't faze you?

LARA
You found it?!

BENITO
Today! In those bushes...
(steps closer, speaks under
his breath)
What kind of plot have you suckered me
into?

LARA
Shut up! You're overreacting!

BENITO
I don't like him any more than you do but
I --
(indicates gun)
-- We should take this to the police! --

LARA
You're mad!
(then, INTO PHONE)
Hold on! I have something for you, Davi!
Hold on!
(to Benito)
What...?

-- He just stares at her, pissed. She goes back to her phone, turns her back to him. Benito grabs his backpack, camera -- places the gun loudly on a tabletop -- walks off, leaves the hospital.

Lara can't help but glance back at him as he leaves, realizing what he's feeling. She quickly stuffs the gun from the tabletop to her purse. Then:

LARA (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
I'll SEND it, just remember, it's my
exclusive!

She clicks out, rushes outside --

137 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

137

-- Lara sees the BROADCAST VAN speed off, Benito driving. She stares, wondering....

Then, she glances around to ensure no one is watching. Lara takes out the gun, holding it in a kerchief by her fingertips, tosses it in the trash bin, heads back inside --

CUT TO:

138 EXT. VERANDAH - A FANCY MANSION - DAY 138

We've been here before. On a tabletop is a newspaper displaying the photo of Bolsonaro asleep -- He looks dead -- it's the photo Luis took. A side headline reads: BOLSONARO IN HOSPITAL! HOW BADLY HURT IS HE?

139 EXT. VERANDAH - A FANCY MANSION - DAY 139

PAULO PONTES turns as The BUTLER brings in TATO, just arrived from his trip.

PAULO

Why do you think we're having this meeting?

That's his greeting -- Tato removes the hat.

TATO

People are nervous. I understand, Paulo...

PAULO

Y'know, I support lots of candidates. They, their campaign managers, their press attaches, even their wives, take my calls -- they leap for the phone -- but now they're doing something I don't like: They're calling me.

(then, continues)

They want to know who's this *estupido* who tried to kill Bolsonaro? Who would hire such a person?

TATO

He's playing his part, just as I told him to. That's what we want, isn't it? --

PAULO

-- We wanted him dead!

TATO

Aurelio won't say anything. The lawyers are there. He doesn't *know* anything.

Now, Paulo gets to the real point of the meeting:

PAULO

...You need to finish it.

TATO

(unsure what he means)

What, Aurelio? He's in police custody!

PAULO

No! The patient! The merely wounded one!

TATO
I already tried. I couldn't get near him.

PAULO
Try again, Tato.
(sees Tato's frustration)
You'll be well-compensated.

Money talks. Tato seems to understand, but has reservations.

CUT TO:

140

INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA - NIGHT

140

Eduardo is angry, tosses the newspaper aside. Flavio looks at another copy, disapproving.

EDUARDO
Who took that damned photo? He looks dead!

FLAVIO
It doesn't matter. It's out.

EDUARDO
It matters. We have to control all information that comes out of here!

CARLOS
...I'll tell you who I don't trust?

Flavio and Eduardo look at him, waiting...

CARLOS (CONT'D)
Luis was the one pushing for this rally. He set it up. All last minute. But how did the stabber know? Who told him? It wasn't scheduled.
(then, after a moment)
I've never trusted that sonofabitch...

As the brothers take this in. Eduardo looks out the half-open door to Luis in the hallway, talking to an Orderly --

CUT TO:

141

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

141

Scattered tents, cardboard shacks, etc. have been set up. It's a campground. The back fence covered with signs, etc.

MICHELLE, with ORDERLIES, hands out water bottles, chats with people. She receives hugs, gains sustenance from the passion and support that's present here.

*

ZICO, nearby, plays a GUITAR DUET with a local. People clap along, digging it.

CUT TO:

142 OMITTED 142

143 INT. TV NEWS STUDIO - DAY 143

TV IMAGES (STOCK FOOTAGE) -- SYMPATHETIC CROWDS on the beach in Rio De Janeiro, followed by other DEMONSTRATIONS of support, signs demanding 'JUSTICE FOR O MITO!' "Who is behind the attempted murder?!"

TV BROADCASTER (ANTONIO)

Massive demonstrations in support of the candidate have erupted throughout Brazil, many spontaneous, people showing their sympathy for Senhor Bolsonaro, as well as their condemnation of the attack...

*

CUT TO:

144 INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA - DAY 144

THE TV BLARES the demonstrations. Michelle and SONS watch. They look at one another, realizing this is taking on a momentum of its own...

HUGO and LUIS come in with food, unpack it from sacks.

TV BROADCASTER (ANTONIO)

...The Bolsonaro camp still has not confirmed whether their candidate will be present at the upcoming important debate in Sao Paulo Thursday night....

*

CUT TO:

145 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY 145

Bolsonaro lies in bed, hooked up. Slowly, he starts to remove some of his tubes, but not all...

He struggles to get out of bed, GROANS from the exertion.

Slowly, he rises, stands upright, shuffles a few short steps, considers whether to roll the bed with him? He pulls it a few feet. Then, notices the bedside monitors, their wall-plugs stretched to the limit, no wheels...

Bolsonaro takes his first extended step, and it feels like man's first step on the moon. So far, so good. Now for step #2... He goes for it, FLIPS BACKWARD, HITS HIS BACKSIDE ON THE EDGE OF THE BED, BOUNCES to the floor.

He emits A HOWL OF INTENSE PAIN that can be heard throughout the floor!

146 INT. HALLWAY OF I.C.U. - DAY 146

The COPS react at the sound, look at one another. One races toward the sound.

*
*

NURSE RENATA hears the HOWL, steps out of a room, wondering where it came from. A MALE NURSE comes tearing down the hallway toward Bolsonaro's room --

147 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY 147

-- The MALE NURSE enters. This is GASPAR, black, flamboyant. He sees a pained Bolsonaro on the floor.

GASPAR

Ah, ah, ah! *Meu Deus!* What are you doing?!

Bolsonaro is sweaty, trembling.

GASPAR (CONT'D)

Are you crazy?

A COP RUSHES IN, followed by NURSE RENATA --

*

GASPAR (CONT'D)

Help me get him up!

-- They help but Bolsonaro is in intense pain.

GASPAR (CONT'D)

How are the stitches?

NURSE RENATA checks, nods, they're okay --

NURSE RENATA

Back in bed, please, Senhor!

They situate him as best they can, notice 'liquids' on the floor, a loose tube, a mess.

BOLSONARO

Who are you?

GASPAR

Gaspar. Your I.C.U. nurse. I was here last night, you were asleep. Which is what you should be doing now...

-- He gently tilts Bolsonaro back so he can lie down, checks him, etc. pulls the covers back. Nurse Renata re-attaches tubes, etc.

*
*

NURSE RENATA

I'll get the doctor.

Nurse Renata rushes out as the Orderly cleans up the gook on the floor.

BOLSONARO
I need a shower.

GASPAR
Doesn't everybody? Just stay put! You're the worst patient I ever saw!

Bolsonaro watches him as he goes around, checks the monitoring devices. Gaspar notices that he's watching him. *

GASPAR (CONT'D)
Yes, if you're wondering, I'm Gay.

(This line could be said end-of-scene in response to Bolsonaro's question?) Bolsonaro reacts as if to say, "No kidding." Gaspar heads for the door --

BOLSONARO
Gaspar?!

-- Gaspar turns...

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Do I have your vote?

GASPAR
I don't think so.

CUT TO:

148 INT. DR. TAVARES PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

148

Dr. Tavares, clearly upset, speaks under-his-breath to Eduardo, Carlos, and Flavio, with Nurse Renata nearby.

DR. TAVARES
-- He follows my instructions to the letter or I will refuse access. No one will be able to see him. Is that clear?

EDUARDO
-- We apologize, but we're in the middle of a campaign, they released a photo, our father wants to --

DR. TAVARES
-- Explain to him: He's not going anywhere until I say so! I don't want to have to handcuff him to the fucking bed...

He marches out --

CUT TO:

149

INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA - DAY

149

-- Hugo enters. The TV is still on. He addresses Michelle:

HUGO

There's someone outside, says they know
you...and Jair...they want to see him.

MICHELLE

Who is it?

Michelle considers, rises. Carlos gets up, but Hugo
gestures him to stay --

HUGO

I'll take her --

CUT TO:

150

OMITTED

150

151

INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY

151

-- DOLORES enters thru frosted doors with MICHELLE and a
skeptical HUGO. Bolsonaro sits up in bed, eyes on her,
remembering her as the strange woman who gave him the
antibiotics.

*

She raises her hands up. With delight.

DOLORES

God be praised...He has spared you for the
nation, the world.

MICHELLE

I told her what the Doctor said about the
antibiotics...

BOLSONARO

(to Dolores)

You have any more? Something to fix me up
in the next forty-eight hours?

She fishes in her bags, pulls out more homemade pills...

DOLORES

You need to mix with half a glass of
water. Drink lots of water.

BOLSONARO

Yes, must keep that catheter busy.

(then, after a moment)

Tell me, Dolores, since you're on such
good terms with the Almighty. Does he
think I can make the debate Thursday?

DOLORES
You will participate.

Not what he, or anyone in the room, expected to hear.

BOLSONARO
You're very convincing, d'you know that?
(to his family)
I find this woman very convincing...

CUT TO:

152 INT. LOBBY OF A HOTEL - JUIZ DE FORA - DAY

152

LARA has set up an interview with the THREE LAWYERS who represent Aurelio, the assassin. The key lawyer, CARVALHO, does the talking. Her only crew, a hired LOCAL (a kid, really), messes with focus as he video-records...

LARA
Who is Aurelio Barba? Can you tell us?

CARVALHO
We asked, 'Aurelio, why did you do this?'
and he said 'God told me to!'
(indicates his own head)
It's clear his faculties are disturbed.

His Associates nod in agreement.

LARA
He's not the only one --
(to Local Kid at camera)
-- Don't reframe! Keep it as I had it!
(smiles, throws her attention
back to Carvalho)
Have you had him looked at by a doctor?

CARVALHO
He goes in-and-out Lara, as crazy people do. They act rationally, think rationally, then all of a sudden do something crazy.

LARA
Like stab a presidential candidate?

CARVALHO
He stabbed him but he didn't mean it. Not really...

Carvalho grins, points at his own head again, indicating the guy was nuts. Lara doesn't bite.

LARA

There are reports throughout Brazil that Aurelio Barba has a deep political history, deeper than initially reported, and many detect attempts to bury his past...

FLASH CUT TO:

153 IMAGE PHOTO on newspapers in Brazilian media of AURELIO 153
BARBA. Headlines read: DID HE ACT ALONE? IS AURELIO
POLITICAL?...

BACK TO:

154 INT. LOBBY OF A HOTEL - JUIZ DE FORA - DAY 154

LARA

...He's connected to a number of Left-wing political parties, most notably the Far Left Progressives, F.L.P., which has ties to the Ruling Party that has dominated Brazilian politics.

CARVALHO

Yes, yes, people love their conspiracy theories, don't they?

-- He chuckles, looks at his Associates who chuckle in unison.

LARA

What are they supposed to think when a supposedly poor, indigent, crazy man viciously stabs a candidate whose rising poll numbers threaten the established hierarchy? And, all of a sudden, three high-priced attorneys fly in on a private jet to defend him, claiming he's a lunatic lone assassin?!

CARVALHO

-- C'mon, Lara, his mother is devastated, poor woman --

LARA

-- Is she paying you? Who is paying you? --

CARVALHO

That is confidential.

LARA

And you wonder why there are conspiracy theories? What do you say to the report that...

FLASH CUT TO:

155 EXT. AURELIO'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 155

A dump off the beaten track. TWO POLICE CARS PULL UP --
-- LT. RAMOS and OFFICERS get out. BATTERY-RAM their way
into:

156 INT. AURELIO'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY 156

THE COPS search around. Aurelio's short-term residence.

A HIDDEN SUITCASE WITH CHEAP LOCK is pulled out from under
the bed. The lock is broken, it's opened, inside are:

157 INSERT: MULTIPLE IPHONES, an IPAD, CASH wrapped in bundles, 157
THREE PASSPORTS, travel receipts and NOTEBOOK --

LARA (V.O.)

-- Among his belongings was found multiple
cell phones, an Ipad, ribbons of cash,
three passports, and travel receipts that
match Jair Bolsonaro's campaign schedule.
Did your client do this all on his own?

BACK TO:

158 INT. LOBBY OF A HOTEL - JUIZ DE FORA - DAY 158

The lawyer, Carvalho, slowly wilts under questioning...

LARA

Who is behind all this? He was clearly a
threat to the Left in this country. Only
the plan didn't work, Senhor Bolsonaro has
survived, barely holding onto life.

CROSSCUT WITH:

159 INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA - DAY 159

Michelle, Flavio, Eduardo, Hugo, and Carlos watch the
interview, surprised --

FLAVIO

What's happened to her?

EDUARDO

She could be accused of being a
journalist...

BACK TO:

160 INT. LOBBY OF A HOTEL - JUIZ DE FORA - DAY 160

Carvalho stares daggers at her through this last, rises to
leave. His Associates are mute. Then, finally:

CARVALHO

Yes, we are very grateful -- as is Aurelio
-- that Jair Bolsonaro is recovering.

CUT TO:

161 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY

161

BOLSONARO in bed as he and HUGO, and LUIS, listen to ZICO play his guitar and sing. A soft, sweet Brazilian ballad. It's beautiful...

After he finishes...

HUGO

Bravo, Zico...

LUIS

Yes, Bravo!

Bolsonaro is thinking, hard. Then, out of the blue as if he's been considering it a long time, says softly:

BOLSONARO

My sons are too timid.

HUGO

They love you. They want the best care for you.

BOLSONARO

And a year from now, what then? I'll kick myself for not doing more.

HUGO

-- You'll kick them --

BOLSONARO

-- Probably --

He's being playful, but serious.

LUIS

What can you do?

BOLSONARO

Remember, Hugo, when I needed six jumps to get my Paratrooper badge? On my fifth jump a horrible wind --

HUGO

-- More than 30 knots --

BOLSONARO

-- Slammed me right into the side of a building at high speed.

HUGO

-- Knocked the brickwork out! --
(laughs, can't help himself)

BOLSONARO

-- The building almost came down --

HUGO

(to Zico & Luis))
-- Why they called him 'Big Horse!' Did you know that? He was "Big Horse" before he was "Dark Horse" --

BOLSONARO

He's right, 'Big Fuckin' Horse,' that's me! I broke both arms and both legs.
(Luis & Zico can't believe what they've just heard)
I had to have a cast on all my appendages, each flipper, each pin. What did I do, Hugo...?

Hugo smiles, chuckles --

HUGO

-- Found someone to wipe your ass? --

BOLSONARO

-- Tell them, Hugo! --

HUGO

-- He did the sixth jump, anyway --

Hugo mimics having two casts on his arms and legs. Now they're all HOWLING with LAUGHTER --

HUGO (CONT'D)

Landed on his back! They pinned that fucking badge on him, he's standing there, full arm casts, full leg casts, like fucking Gumby!

BOLSONARO

-- Big Fuckin' Horse!! --

HUGO

Nobody had ever done that!

LUIS

Because you're a tough mother.

BOLSONARO

This stabbing shit is for pussies, I'm not going to be a pin-cushion for these villains. Waste away in this shitty hospital. Wearing a colostomy bag. Stinking to high heaven.

(MORE)

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

I need to fight, I need to campaign!
 (then, an idea forming)
 That crazy lady, she said I was going to
 be in the debate.

HUGO

How are you going to do that? They won't
 allow it.

BOLSONARO

I'm not asking permission.

'Big Horse' has a plan --

CUT TO:

162 INT. DEBATE STAGE 2 - NIGHT

162

THE OPPOSING CANDIDATES are present, including FRANCISCO
 ALVES of the Ruling Party:

FRANCISCO ALVES

-- Violence has no place in Brazil, no
 place in our politics. I condemn the
 individual responsible for this vicious
 attack. It can not play a role in the
 people's choice for their leadership. I
 refute it wholeheartedly...

Clearly, someone is missing from this event --

FRANCISCO ALVES (CONT'D)

...I'm sorry that Senhor Bolsonaro is not
 here. But the cold, hard, fact remains:
 Brazil must go on, Brazil must elect a
 president...

CUT TO:

163 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT

163

Bolsonaro in his wheelchair bedside, as his sons set up the
 tripod with phone to record. With attached MICROPHONE.

EDUARDO

-- We won't be long. Just a few words,
 that's all.

GASPAR

If Dr. Tavares or Dr. Alvaro asks, I
 didn't know anything about this. I'll be
 back in fifteen minutes.

He exits. Carlos checks the framing. Michelle quietly
 enters to watch, standing inside the door behind Flavio who
 observes silently.

*

CARLOS
Okay, *Papai*, whenever you're ready...

BOLSONARO
What do I say...?

MICHELLE
Speak from your heart, *meu querido*.

The camera is rolling, red-video light on phone, Eduardo behind it. Bolsonaro takes a moment, then begins:

BOLSONARO
My fellow Brazilians, there's a debate tonight and unfortunately I can't be there. My place is empty. All I can say is they have tried to silence me, but they have not succeeded. Though wounded, I am still here, with you. With all of you...

Tears roll down his cheeks. He takes a moment, tries to stifle them, fighting it unsuccessfully.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
I can't cry. I don't want to cry.

CARLOS
-- Do you want to stop, *Papai*? --

BOLSONARO
No, son...
(Carlos gestures 'keep going'!)
I will confess it has been difficult...but much is at stake...

A cord runs along the floor, from MICROPHONE connected to an amplifier whose wires lead outside.

*

164 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

164

LOUDSPEAKERS in the street outside BLARE his address. PEOPLE listen, rapt with attention:

BOLSONARO (O.S.)
I just want to say what an honor it is to serve my country. The country I love so much. I have received many messages from people... In all, I consider myself a fortunate man. A man of God. I'm very lucky to have my family beside me. To have received so much love and support from Brazilians, many of whom I don't know...

165 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 165

-- Lara, Benito, Baltasar, all the MEDIA stare at their phones, watching Bolsonaro's statement generated from his room upstairs...someone puts the TV debate on mute...they HEAR Bolsonaro's address from the outside speakers...

166 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT 166

He fights his tears --

BOLSONARO

To our opponents, I ask, 'Why do you attack us? Why does our opposition to your orthodoxy provoke violence? Debate our ideas, don't stifle opposition. Brazil has room for all of us.'

(takes a moment, then)

Thank you for everything. Thank you so much -- "Brazil above everything, God above everyone!"

-- Michelle, his sons, are all moved...

BACK TO:

167 INT. DEBATE STAGE 2 - NIGHT 167

PEOPLE check their phones, something's spreading in the audience. One man rises, gapes at his phone -- others follow his example, hold their phones up to indicate that something is breaking on social media.

SERGIO (ANOTHER CANDIDATE)

I completely support what Mr. Alves has just said. We must reject all acts of violence in Brazil, and all pray for Jair Bolsonaro's full recovery --

As he drones on MORE AUDIENCE-MEMBERS leave. What's on social media is clearly more compelling than the debate --

CUT TO:

168 OMITTED 168

169 INT. PAULO PONTES HOME - NIGHT 169

A SMALL COCKTAIL PARTY has gathered to watch the debate. Paulo looks around, phone in-hand, don't they get it? This is a disaster! He rears back, throws his phone with all his might into the TV, SHATTERING IT! The SOUND continues --

PAULO PONTES

It's a catastrophe!

-- Paulo steps out of the room, the guests look at one another, some grabbing their jackets to leave...One GUEST looks out, watching:

170 EXT. COURTYARD OF PAULO PONTES HOME - NIGHT 170

A large courtyard bathed in colored light. Paulo makes his way toward two MEN seated, TATO and JORGE. Obviously not invited to the main gathering, they have been waiting. They get up as Paulo approaches. He speaks to them, emphatically. Tato and Jorge exchange a look.

It's clear that Paulo is fed up and wants to escalate to more drastic measures...

CUT TO:

171 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 171

PEOPLE CHEER, thrilled to see Bolsonaro on their phones. DOLORES has set up a kind of altar with BOLSONARO'S PHOTO on it, candles around it. She smiles, praying silently.

CUT TO:

172 INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT 172

The TV BROADCASTER reports:

TV BROADCASTER (ANTONIO)

-- It's clear the winner of tonight's presidential debate was not present in the auditorium at Sao Paulo. Jair Bolsonaro, who has used social media so effectively in his campaign, has done it again. The post of him speaking from his hospital room in Juiz De Fora has gone viral. The people of Brazil have witnessed the man's humanity, his soul, and they seem, indeed, very pleased by what they see --

CUT TO:

173 INT. SURGERY FLOOR WAITING AREA - NIGHT 173

THE SONS, HUGO, LUIS, MICHELLE, all watch the TV report and are thrilled, and moved.

Eduardo claps an emotional Carlos on the back --

EDUARDO

You did it, Carlos!

CUT TO:

174 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT

174

GASPAR pulls the cord that flips off the PORTABLE TV covering the same broadcast as above --

BOLSONARO

Hey, c'mon! --

GASPAR

-- Rest. Sleep.
(as he rolls the cord he
says, almost reluctantly)
Well done, amigo.

BOLSONARO

I shouldn't have cried...

Gaspar sets the cord on the rolling stand, starts to roll the TV out. Stops.

GASPAR

I see why people like you. You're not the same pre-packaged shit we get for candidates. What you did was real. It was human.

BOLSONARO

So I have your vote?

Gaspar pauses as he heads for the door to exit --

GASPAR

...Get some rest, TV star. Tomorrow we start walking...

-- Bolsonaro smiles, pleased.

CUT TO:

175 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOSPITAL - NIGHT

175

A WORKER hoses down the alley. LARA paces outside the exit door, reacts as FLAVIO and EDUARDO come out, approach --

FLAVIO

What do you want, Lara?

LARA

Some things that I want to share...

EDUARDO

Wait a second, you're playing nice-nice now? Is that what's happening?

LARA

-- I'm trying to help you --

Eduardo looks at Flavio, cackles sarcastically --

LARA (CONT'D)
 You want the truth, I'll tell you! I think your father's the worst thing that could happen to Brazil. The absolute worst! Politically.

She takes a moment, then:

LARA (CONT'D)
 But your enemies, who I thought -- or deceived myself into thinking -- were on a higher moral plain, have shown their colors to be, well, quite ugly. It's a great disappointment to me.

FLAVIO
 They're behind it, aren't they? The Ruling Party?

LARA
 -- Wait! What? --

FLAVIO
 They're lock-step with Aurelio, working to kill our father. Aren't they?! They hired Aurelio Barba!

LARA
 That's all conjecture.

FLAVIO
 But it's headed down the right path, isn't it?

EDUARDO
 How can we prove it? How can we nail them?

She gestures for calm, starts to chuckle.

LARA
 You need to peek in your own attic, boys. Luis Alcantara, your staffer, right-hand man, or is it left-hand, to your father? He's probably at his bedside right now, right under your noses. He got me that photo, and he doesn't work for me. Someone else told him to do that and God knows what else...

As the brothers stare at her --

CUT TO:

176 INT. HALLWAY OF I.C.U. - NIGHT

176

The Brothers march straight for LUIS at the desk romancing a receptionist. He looks up, sees fire in Carlos's eyes --

LUIS

-- Hugo! --

Hugo, nearby, starts over, wondering what's going on.

FLAVIO

You're fired, Luis! You're done! Please leave the hospital, leave us...

LUIS

I work for your father!

Carlos LEAPS, GRABS HIM, spins him into a wall -- but Hugo intercedes -- ORDERLIES rush over.

EDUARDO

(to Orderlies)

It's all right, it's nothing --

Carlos shoves him. Eduardo, concerned Carlos will kill the guy, takes over --

*

LUIS

You've got this wrong. I'm protecting him--

EDUARDO

-- Take it like a man, go home.
(as Luis sputters some more)

CARLOS

Tell us who hired you. Who you're working for?

LUIS

-- Your father! --

Instead of waiting for the elevator, Carlos angrily drags him to the stairwell. Hugo steps in, takes over --

HUGO

Go, Luis! Before Carlos throws you out the window!

*

*

-- Luis looks back, pleading, then turns, leaves.

177 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

177

LUIS comes out the stairwell, straightening his jacket. Some late-night media stragglers hang about, including BALTASAR, the Reporter we've come to know, a few others.

LUIS was headed out, but walks back, engages with the Reporters who crowd around. He has news....

CUT TO:

177A A MONTAGE OF split-screen IMAGES, the MEDIA: 177A

-- NEWSPAPER HEADLINES FLIP past: "Questions arise about Bolsonaro's condition?" "How wounded is he?" "Why can't we interview him?"

-- IMAGES OF CROWD OUTSIDE HOSPITAL on TV, scrolling text reads: CROWDS CONTINUE TO GROW IN SUPPORT OF BOLSONARO!

177B -- A TV BROADCAST flashes text across the lower screen: 177B
"Was the assassination attempt staged?"

-- Another headline: "DID BOLSONARO TEAM MAKE IT ALL UP? ARE BRAZILIANS THE VICTIMS OF A HOAX?"

CUT TO:

178 INT. LOBBY OF HOSPITAL - DAY 178

BALTASAR has a coffee breakfast with Reporters, laughing, having a good time.

Lara comes charging in from the lobby, straight for Baltasar...

LARA

You know it's bullshit, why'd you write this --

(raises newspaper with headline re: HOAX!)

-- Have you lost your senses? --

BALTASAR

You've been pressing, as we have, to get up there and get proof the man's not a corpse. They tell us he's too sick, too feeble, the doctors won't have it. Then they release posts of him giving speeches from his hospital bed! And surprise, surprise, his poll numbers keep shooting up!

(then, rising anger)

Show us the wounds, doctor! Bolsonaro family! Let's see the bloody scars for ourselves! But don't steal an election based on a lie!!

Lara turns, walks away, heads outside. He calls after her: *

BALTASAR (CONT'D)

I'm becoming quite concerned about your loyalties, my dear!!

His cronies CACKLE at this --

CUT TO:

179 OMITTED 179

180 OMITTED 180

181 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY 181

-- Bolsonaro, looking stronger, says to his sons:

BOLSONARO

They're saying all this crap, conspiracy theories, we need to counter them. Bring them in here, I'll show 'em my bloody scars, all right, and they can sniff my intestines while they're at it!

(starts to get out of bed,
winces, freezes in position)

I want out of here!

EDUARDO

What about a press conference? Show them your wounds, do it from here, or downstairs...

BOLSONARO

No, that justifies the skeptics. Hell with them. I need to campaign, out there, in public...

CARLOS

Papai, what if something happens? What if your stitches break, you get sick again? I don't want that hanging over my head, none of us do. We just want you to heal.

Bolsonaro sees the unremitting love that Carlos has for him -- and it hits him hard.

BOLSONARO

I never showed you guys much affection when you were kids. I never got any from my father. That's no excuse. But, we did things together, went fishing, camped by rivers, we did so many fun things.

CARLOS

-- We loved it --

FLAVIO

You'd get us to march in-step and salute you.

(salutes)

Bolsonaro grins at the memory.

BOLSONARO

Yes, you were my soldiers. My little soldiers...

(then, after a moment)

Do you think they'll try again?

This is said softly, almost with embarrassment. Doubts.

The sons look at one another. How do you answer such a question?

CARLOS

We'll protect you, *Papai*...

Bolsonaro nods, silent.

FLASH CUT TO:

181A AN OLD PHOTO of the young father, Bolsonaro, with his young boys, together on a camping trip. 181A

CUT TO:

182 INT. HALLWAY OF I.C.U. - DAY 182

BOLSONARO walks, hooked up to a walker, aided by GASPAR. His daughter's RAG-DOLL is attached to the walker.

He moves slowly, hesitantly -- but he's walking.

NURSES (including RENATA), ORDERLIES, other PATIENTS watch.

BOLSONARO

Thank you, thank you...

He keeps walking. A step at a time.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

(to a passerby)

Do I have your vote, friend?

GASPAR

Shameless, aren't you?

BOLSONARO

Perhaps you hadn't noticed I'm running for office?

He smiles at more people. Gaspar whispers to him, sternly:

GASPAR

C'mon, faggot, move your ass!

BOLSONARO

(looks at him, amused)

What are you, some kind of fascist?
Harassing your patient? Not very nice.

This said while nodding to passersby -- some APPLAUD.

GASPAR

Pick up your pace! Walk like a man!

-- Bolsonaro does so. Watching, is NURSE RENATA. She exchanges a look with Gaspar, both pleased.

DISSOLVE TO:

183 OMITTED 183

184 EXT. GARAGE, JUIZ DE FORA - NIGHT 184

A FOREMAN sits on a chair, smokes. TWO MEN APPROACH, notice street DANCERS move to a percussive DRUM, we recognize...

TATO and JORGE. Tato gives the Drummer a few bucks, sits and starts playing. Jorge speaks quietly with the Foreman who glances around, opens the garage door to let them in.

JORGE waits for TATO who keeps slapping the drums, and he's damned good. Tired of waiting, Jorge goes inside --

185 INT. GARAGE, JUIZ DE FORA - NIGHT 185

-- PACKED with MEN and VEHICLES, vans, mini-buses, three-wheel pickup trucks, regular pickups etc. being primed and readied, revving, idling, hoods up, items tossed in back.

The men are RUFFIANS, MECHANICS. Jorge checks out a mini-truck with bull-horn, speaker being screwed into the top of the cab, nods to TATO who enters, notices:

A side-view mirror re-screwed into position, a tire replaced, air pumped into other tires, sparks fly as someone solders, gasoline being pumped into still another.

*
*
*

PIPES, wrenches, batons, sticks, etc. are placed in baskets.

*

186 EXT. GARAGE, JUIZ DE FORA - NIGHT 186

The GARAGE DOOR is raised and VEHICLES loaded with RUFFIANS roll out into the street.

TATO and JORGE are in the mini-truck with bull-horn and speaker, ADVANCE into traffic, lead the convoy...sticks and batons are pulled from baskets, handed out, held by occupants who RATTLE THEM against the outside of the vehicles repeatedly.

The CARAVAN of VEHICLES heads toward the hospital --

CUT TO:

187

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

187

The lawn, parking lot, packed with PEOPLE, Bolsonaro supporters. Tents, lights, cardboard shelters, activity, some asleep. PEOPLE turn, react, upon hearing:

VEHICLES loaded with RUFFIANS roll in from the street, a CLATTERING SOUND of sticks and batons drummed against the vehicles, raises a racket!

ANA stares, with Teenagers (JULIA) nearby. ZICO frowns, rises to his feet. DOLORES turns, wonders what's going on.

THE LEAD TRUCK OF RUFFIANS BUSTS THROUGH THE GATE, shattering it. Followed by TATO'S VEHICLE, loudspeaker atop it. TATO (whose POV is critical, we must track w/him) gets out, pulls the mic attached to inside of car.

RUFFIANS get out, shout at people on the lawn, pull batons, sticks etc. They stand along the outside, waiting.

TATO speaks into mic, announces through BULLHORN:

TATO (VIA BULL-HORN)
-- An immediate dispersal of this area has been ordered! Return to your homes, your towns, where you belong. This area is now off limits! Please leave peaceably!!

PEOPLE exchange chatter, grab their things. Among them ZICO pulls up his guitar. DOLORES grabs her bags, not liking it.

ANA
Leave us alone!!

ANA, DOLORES, swivel their heads to the opposite side as:

TWO VEHICLES screech, stop, THUGS emerge carrying weapons. The order goes down-the-line to all THUGS & RUFFIANS --

-- RUFFIANS, clubs and batons in hand, CONVERGE on the crowd, pushing, shoving, threatening violence.

TWO LONE POLICEMEN (the rest are inside the hospital) blow whistles TO STOP THE MELEE, but there's not enough of them.

The RUFFIANS shove, prod, push, tear down anything in their way, tents, signs, folding chairs, card-board shacks, whatever and whoever is in their path.

ZICO begins playing his guitar! In defiance!!

TATO and JORGE direct the FOREMAN and OTHERS toward the hospital entrance, on a separate mission. They make their way along and up the ramp, unimpeded, seeking entry...

CROSSCUT WITH:

188 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - NIGHT

188

BOLSONARO can HEAR the tumult outside.

BOLSONARO
What is that...?

Flavio and Eduardo stand frozen by what they're HEARING.
THEY go to the window, see the fighting below.

Bolsonaro joins them, looks down. A hint of a smile comes
over his face.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
They're going to come up here, my boys.
Let's meet them downstairs, beat hell out
of them.

He turns to head out, Flavio and Eduardo stop him --

EDUARDO
No! You can't --

BOLSONARO
-- C'mon, let's kick their asses, Eduardo!

*

FLAVIO opens the door, SEES the COPS who hear the noise
outside, unsure --

FLAVIO
You guys stay close!
(sees other COPS approach)
Nobody leaves my father, is that clear?

BOLSONARO
-- Give me a gun, I'll pick them off from
up here!

EDUARDO
Calm down, you're going nowhere, please --

FLAVIO
-- Stay with him, Eduardo!

-- The COPS remain. FLAVIO rushes down --

BACK TO:

189 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

189

PEOPLE PANIC, wondering which way to flee, bang into one
another. RUFFIANS destroy their belongings, toss them,
scatter people. The "Mito" candle display is smashed. As is
Dolores's "alter"... SOME FIGHT BACK, throw things at the
RUFFIANS who CLUB THEM. People run, scatter.

*
*
*
*

ONE SUPPORTER jumps the back of a Thug, spins him around, falls. The Thug turns on him, clubs him.

A SUPPORTER shoves a RUFFIAN in the face, is clubbed by a THUG behind him. He falls. TWO THUGS step in to club him.

TWO THUGS come at Zico as he plays his guitar. Zico stops playing, SWINGS HIS GUITAR at the TWO MEN, they back off.

SMOKE BOMBS erupt, thrown by Thugs, rising smoke diffuses everything.

190 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

190

FLAVIO and HUGO cross the lobby, stop POLICEMEN from rushing out.

FLAVIO
NO! Stay! -- No one gets in --

POLICE SERGEANT
They're coming up the ramp!

LARA, near the exit, shouts at POLICE SERGEANT.

LARA
Do something?!

HUGO gestures to COPS and POLICE SERGEANT to follow, heads outside. REPORTERS can't help but follow --

190A EXT. RAMP OUTSIDE HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

190A

-- HUGO EMERGES, recognizes TATO with Jorge (sunglasses), FOREMAN, other RUFFIANS, coming up the ramp.

HUGO
Don't let them in!

COPS, led by POLICE SERGEANT, SHOVE RUFFIANS back. TATO and TEAM CONVERGE, a SHOVING MATCH ensues.

REPORTERS, LARA, emerge to record it! BALASAR watches A THUG crack the camera with a club, HUGO grabs him, shoves him into the line of other Thugs forcing their momentum backward.

HUGO then SHOVS TATO, wrenches a swinging club from him, tosses it -- Tato retreats, realizes there's no give here, shouts to Jorge:

TATO
C'mon...

The THUGS retreat down the ramp -- HUGO watches them beside POLICE SERGEANT, realizes where they're going, then:

HUGO *
 Leave some men here, bring the others! *

191 EXT. TUNNEL GATE, BACK ENTRANCE, HOSPITAL - NIGHT 191 *

-- AROUND BACK the same INTRUDERS led by TATO, rush along a tunnel toward a back gate entry. AT THE GATE a HOSPITAL WORKER tries to lock the chain link, but he's too slow -- TATO and JORGE and FOREMAN converge, push the gate open, knock the WORKER backwards. Simultaneous: *

191A INT. BASEMENT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 191A *

HUGO, POLICE SERGEANT, and COPS have emerged from the basement elevator, rush around the corner to meet the INTRUDERS -- *

191B EXT. TUNNEL GATE, BACK ENTRANCE, HOSPITAL - NIGHT 191B *

SWING THE GATE, forcing ATTACKERS BACK. HUGO and COPS meet them in the tunnel, wielding batons against batons, clubs against clubs! *

HUGO GRABS TATO again, Tato kicks at him, but Hugo is too big and too strong, KNOCKS TATO TO THE GROUND. Hugo pummels him a few more times before Tato scrambles to his feet, scurries off, looking around for Jorge, not seeing him -- *

-- As JORGE squeezes through the melee, into the building -- *

192 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT 192 *

Amidst SWIRLING SMOKE, SUPPORTERS FIGHT BACK, some effectively, hitting RUFFIANS with sticks, folding chairs, whatever they have, kicking and flailing at them. *

ONE THUG KICKS A MAN who falls to his knees, clubs him, blood spurting. *

ONE WOMAN (Karina?) keeps THUGS at bay, whacks them with her purse.

OMITTED 193 & 194

195 INT. BASEMENT - HOSPITAL - NIGHT 195 *

Somehow, JORGE (Tato's partner, with sunglasses) has made it through alone, up the corridor, scurrying past COPS blocking the doors, ducks into: *

196 INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 196 *

AN ORDERLY is behind a sleeping old woman patient in a wheelchair. JORGE hits the close button and the doors close, he looks at the Orderly and it's not friendly. *

197 INT. SURGERY FLOOR - NIGHT

197

The doors open. JORGE, wearing the Orderly's shirt, pushes the wheelchair. CARLOS stares at him rolling toward I.C.U. Carlos points, starts toward JORGE. TWO COPS rush in. Jorge turns back into the elevator, the cops notice the ORDERLY out cold on the elevator floor -- but Jorge KICKS THEM BACK, forces the door closed, goes down --

*
*

198 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

198

-- POLICE CARS, with SIRENS, arrive. POLICEMEN rush out to break up the melee. Among them we recognize LT. RAMOS (his POV important).

*
*

RUFFIANS and THUGS disperse, run to their vehicles, head out. Others race on foot to get out of there.

*

FLAVIO (track his POV) comes OUT OF THE HOSPITAL, sees RUFFIANS depart --

*
*

-- DOLORES LIES splayed on the ground, her belongings spread around her. FLAVIO rushes to help her up --

*
*

FLAVIO
Come on, it's all right now...

*

-- He helps Dolores up as she grabs her bags, etc. She's bleeding. He carefully directs her toward the hospital.

LARA watches Flavio take her toward the hospital. Lara seems almost in shock at what she's witnessed. How could this happen?

*

DISSOLVE TO:

199 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

199

Morning has broken. The lawn, parking lot, are completely empty of people. Much of it cordoned off. POLICE on the fringes still, COP CARS block the streets.

Trash, paper, debris, blow on the wind....

-- It looks like the aftermath of a combat zone --

CUT TO:

200 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY

200

Bolsonaro, seated in a chair, looking stronger, MICHELLE leans over his shoulder, nuzzling him.

MICHELLE
Laura wants her father back. Her father,
my husband. We want you home.

BOLSONARO

I want that, too...more than anything...

MICHELLE

We don't care if you're President.

She comes around, looks him in the face. After a moment:

BOLSONARO

I care. Brazil cares. Look what they did to those people out there. What they did to me.

MICHELLE

Come home.

BOLSONARO

Two weeks. I will campaign for two weeks. Then I'm yours.

MICHELLE

(stands)

What if you win?

He grins, a bit ashamed by his vanity, as if to say, "We shall see." She smiles, nods. She knows him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Flavio is taking me to be with our daughter. When you come to Sao Paulo I will campaign with you. But you'd better win. Considering all we've been through...

(then, off his look)

You had better win.

She leaves, taking her travel bag...

CUT TO:

201 INT. I.C.U. ROOM - DAY

201

BOLSONARO is before the mirror, buttons his dress shirt. Dressed to leave. Gaspar helps him put on a sports jacket...

GASPAR

Once you walk out that door you're a target again.

BOLSONARO

My wife believes the same. Maybe the next guy will have mercy and just blow my head off.

GASPAR

Do you ever have doubts?

BOLSONARO

(stops)

"A politician must have the aura, the magic, the confidence, of invincibility."

*

GASPAR

But you have doubts? Yes?

BOLSONARO

I keep them to myself.

Gaspar hears him -- they start for the door to exit. (*A cane for Bolsonaro? Which he dumps upon seeing Reporters downstairs?*) Gaspar opens the door, the ORDERLIES and NURSE RENATA await --

-- Bolsonaro stops before the door, steps back, motions to Gaspar...

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)

Not yet...

Gaspar shuts the door, steps out. Bolsonaro takes a moment. A prayer, solitude, doubts? -- (*Should he dump the cane here before walking out?*)

CUT TO:

202 INT. DR. TAVARES PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

202

-- Flavio and Eduardo with Dr. Tavares and JONAS, Hospital Administrator:

*

DR. TAVARES

I will not, I can not, authorize release!

FLAVIO

Doctor, we have no choice.

Dr. Tavares and Hospital Administrator, JONAS, exchange looks of apprehension.

*

EDUARDO

The media's saying he's not hurt! That we've participated in some great scam to gain sympathy!

FLAVIO

(to Dr Tavares)

He's walking out of here. Today.

Flavio turns to exit --

DR. TAVARES

Wait!

(Flavio turns back)

(MORE)

DR. TAVARES (CONT'D)

How about this? He's not being released, merely transferred. That I will authorize.

FLAVIO

-- Transfer? --

DR. TAVARES

He needs continuing care. Albert Einstein hospital in Sao Paulo will handle it. They'll check him in, monitor him...I know the doctors there. It's the only way. At least until the election. After that, more surgery is in order.

JONAS

...This is fair...

*

The Brothers exchange a look. Nod.

CUT TO:

203 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY

203

Lara's PHONE BUZZES. She looks at the screen: NO-CALLER ID again...

LARA (INTO PHONE)

Hello?!

TATO (O.S. THRU PHONE)

They're moving him. You know that, don't you? Which way is he coming out?

LARA (INTO PHONE)

He's leaving?

*

CROSSCUT WITH:

204 INT. HOTEL ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL - DAY

204

TATO is at the window, phone in-hand. The hospital is across the street, the barricaded lawn strewn with debris between the two buildings.

LARA (O.S. THRU PHONE)

Are you here? Where are you?

TATO (INTO PHONE)

He's coming out the back. See if you can get a picture this time...

LARA

Fuck you!

She CLICKS out. Tato looks at his phone, turns. JORGE is seated, swings the cylinder out on his revolver, confirming it's indeed loaded, then swings the cylinder shut.

TATO unpacks his gun, checks it as well --

CUT TO:

205 INT. LOBBY AREA - HOSPITAL - DAY 205

LARA moves past, goes to the elevators...waits, checks her watch...goes up a few steps, hear's nothing, then heads downstairs. Baltasar notices, suspicious. He rises, joined by other Reporters. They follow...

*
*
*

206 INT. HALLWAY OF I.C.U. - DAY 206

BOLSONARO steps out of his room, holding his daughter's Rag-Doll, met by his sons, FLAVIO, EDUARDO, and CARLOS. DR. TAVARES and the HOSPITAL ADMINISTRATOR are present along with TWO POLICEMEN, TWO ORDERLIES, and NURSE RENATA.

Bolsonaro hugs Gaspar warmly...

BOLSONARO
...Careful, I might get your vote yet...

He shakes hands with Dr. Tavares --

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
Thank you, Doctor.

DR. TAVARES
Be well, my prize patient. I'll make sure
the doctors in Sao Paulo keep a close eye.

-- Bolsonaro nods, then thanks the Hospital Administrator and Nurse Renata.

NURSE RENATA
God be with you.

BOLSONARO
(turns to his sons)
-- Let's go --

They start one direction, but an Orderly, ELIANA, directs them in the opposite direction...

*

ELIANA
We'll take the service elevator...

*

As they go Bolsonaro's excitement is palpable, he's getting back in the game --

CUT TO:

207 INT. BASEMENT - HOSPITAL - DAY 207

-- BOLSONARO emerges with his sons, the Orderlies, and POLICEMEN. They head toward the back tunnel gate exit.

*
*
*

Lara comes downstairs beside the elevators, calls out:

*

LARA
Jair Bolsonaro!

Bolsonaro picks up his pace. Others look back, get between him and her, move quicker...

CARLOS
Remember, *Papai*, we get in the car and go.
No lingering about...

Bolsonaro nods. Meanwhile, Lara is supported by:

*

OTHER REPORTERS rush over, Baltasar, who see what's happening. But Bolsonaro and entourage are heading out the back -- *(still determining where this door will be)*.

*

*

208

EXT. STREET IN BACK OF HOSPITAL - DAY

208

*

-- THE SUV waits, idling, HUGO and ZICO inside...

A HOSPITAL GROUP is there, including DOLORES, bandaged from her wounds the other night. She gives him flowers.

BOLSONARO
(in Amazon dialect)
Thank you, Dolores...

He kisses her -- CARLOS is especially nervous, wants his father in the car --

-- Lara comes outside now, takes pics. The other Reporters, including Baltasar, call to him:

*

BALTASAR
Senhor Bolsonaro, a few words?

He ignores, says quick goodbyes to hospital staff. Then:

PEOPLE arrive, rapidly filling the street, the word has spread. More PEOPLE rush to see him, calling: "*Mito!*"

*

His family, POLICE, try to form a protective ring around him.

*

EDUARDO
Get in the car, Father...

Hugo gets out of the SUV. Bolsonaro hands Eduardo the flowers, and his daughter's Rag-Doll. He can't help himself, gripping people's hands, receiving well-wishes. He opens his shirt slightly, shows his wound to them. Among them we recognize the Women interviewed before the rally.

BOLSONARO
Look what they did to me? Look at this --

He widens the shirt to give a better view. Carlos bulls his way closer.

CARLOS
(reaches to cover the wound)
-- *Papai*, please... C'mon, get in the car!

BOLSONARO
Just give me a few minutes.

He moves past his protection, deeper into the CROWD, takes a selfie with TWO TEENAGERS, hugs (carefully) a WOMAN and her INFANTS.

BOLSONARO (CONT'D)
(to Woman)
Are you registered to vote?
(she nods, he indicates her kids)
Register them, too...

He keeps going, deeper into the throng -- grasping hands, thanking people -- toward the alley mouth that opens into the street that borders the hospital...

209 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOSPITAL - DAY

209

A THRONG OF PEOPLE have appeared, call to him.

-- TATO and JORGE are among the crowd, moving separately, sharks headed toward Bolsonaro --

LARA sees TATO getting closer. She looks to the POLICEMEN --

LARA
That man, in the hat! Stop him!!

-- THE POLICEMEN's eyes comb the crowd, separated by a mob of Bolsonaro's supporters, well-wishers, they shrug.

-- HUGO gets out of the car, sees the cops moving slowly, then sees LARA, and TATO further down, recognizes him.

LARA, taking the initiative, bulls her way through, past people, right up to Tato.

Lara stands before him, looks in his face. He looks back, sticks his gun in her gut -- an elongated moment -- sees Policemen getting closer -- sees HUGO coming -- turns, moves off quickly, stuffing his gun in his pocket.

JORGE, his partner-in-crime, does the same. Aborts. They both disappear into the throng.

HUGO sees LT. RAMOS and COPS nearby, confers with them. They move in the direction the suspects disappeared.

*

BOLSONARO keeps going, up the street, amongst the masses, thrilled, gaining strength with each step.

His sons just watch, shake their heads, amazed.

-- 'The Legend' can not be stopped --

OUR VIEW NOW is from above, seeing him in the crowd below, that stretches up the avenue as far as we can see.

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE there to see 'Mito'....

CUT TO:

210 INT. HOTEL ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL - DAY 210

TATO and JORGE hastily grab their things, duffel bag, etc. preparing to leave. Tato is on the phone:

TATO

I did what I could, there were too many people, too much protection, I told you this but you wouldn't hear it --

210A INT. STEPS OF HOTEL ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL - DAY 210A

LT. RAMOS and TEAM OF POLICE quickly and quietly ascend the stairs. With them is HUGO. Watching from below is the PROPRIETOR who has given them the room number.

210B INT. HOTEL ACROSS FROM HOSPITAL 210B

TATO hears something, freezes, lowers his phone, looks toward JORGE, also frozen. He reaches for his gun.

THE DOOR BURSTS INWARD, LT. RAMOS FIRES TWICE. DOUBLE-TAP! -- TATO and JORGE drop from precise fire. POLICE RUSH FORWARD, check the bodies, both dead -- then search the place. Lt. Ramos looks at his handiwork, Hugo beside him.

CUT TO:

211 A FINAL CRAWL COMES OVER A BLACK SCREEN: 211

FINAL CRAWL

On October 28, 2018 Jair Bolsonaro is elected President of Brazil.

We see actual IMAGES OF THE INAUGURATION of BOLSONARO, Michelle at his side.... Other pertinent IMAGES...

FINAL CRAWL (CONT'D)

The assassin, Aurelio Barba, is found 'not guilty' by a Brazilian court by reason of insanity...

CUT TO:

212 INT. PAULO PONTES HOME - DAY

212

THE INAGURATION plays on Paulo's office TV. The room is dark as we pull back...

PAULO opens the door, greets a GROUP OF IMPORTANT MEN who enter. This is a secret meeting. Among the group:

A SLENDER MAN, bald, serious, self-righteous in his demeanor. He could be a Supreme Court Justice. Could be.

They settle around a table. Paulo goes to the TV and turns off the inauguration. The TV goes black --

CUT TO:

213 THE FINAL CRAWL CONTINUES:

213

FINAL CRAWL

An investigation finds that the assassin acted alone, but the inquiry was incomplete and the investigation "left out many issues."

In 2022 Bolsonaro loses his bid for re-election by one-and-a-half percentage points. Charges of election tampering and fraud are rampant. Demonstrations take place throughout Brazil, mostly peaceful. But many are arrested.

Bolsonaro is charged with an attempted coup in 2025, convicted, and given a prison term of 43 years by Brazil's Supreme Court.

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THE END

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